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The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and fifty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and houshold departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 205, Order Sons of St. George—Frederick Edney, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

DANISH BROTHERHOOD—Nils Christensen President; Anton Christensen Secretary Meets second and fourth Mondays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—James Robertson, President; Daniel J. Coughlin, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. B. Casey Sullivan, President; Miss H. M. Dennehoy, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays

DAUGHTERS OF THE THISTLE, No. 8—President, Mrs. Catharine Gillies; Secretary, Mrs Adam Hempseed. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

ADMIRAL THOMAS CAMP, Spanish War Veterans. Meets 1st and 3d Thursdays. Commander, Frederick J. Buenzle, Adjutant, Gus Segure.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—President, Miss Catherine Curley; Secretary, Jennie Fontaine. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—James H. Hampton, Chancellor Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals. Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. R. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain Sidney D. Harvey; J. W. Schwarz, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAN MCLEOD, No. 161—John Yule, Chief; Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

NEWPORT LODGE, No. 229, Independent Order Sons of Benjamin—Louis Lack, President; Louis W. Kravetz, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Sundays.

Local Matters.

Brown Tail Moth.

Under the direction of the State Board of Agriculture men are now at work in this city examining the trees for the presence of nests of the brown tail moths. A thorough examination is to be made of all the trees in the county with the hope of being able to destroy these destructive pests. Thus far none have been found in Newport and but few in Middletown. Portsmouth is more infested with them. Over 1600 nests have already been destroyed there. It is said that there are at least two hundred moths to each nest. It is very important that they be eliminated at once, for if allowed to hatch next spring the county would be overrun with them. Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman, the member of the State board from this county, is giving much personal attention to this matter.

St. John's Lodge, No. 1.

The one hundred and sixty-first annual communication of St. John's Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M., was held last Monday evening, when the officers were chosen for the ensuing year:

Master—W.: Henry G. Riley.
Senior Warden—Frank P. King.
Junior Warden—George deM. Congdon.
Treasurer—W.: George C. Lawton.
Secretary—W.: George Melville.
Chaplain—W.: David Davis.
Senior Deacon—Samuel B. Briggs.
Junior Deacon—T. Jefferson Bissel.
Senior Steward—Charles E. Bardsley.
Junior Steward—George W. Mansfield.
Sentinel—Andrew S. Meikle.
Marshal—James M. Openshaw.
Tyler—J. Gottlieb Spingler.

The election was presided over by District Deputy Grand Master Reuben S. Bemis of Providence, assisted by W.: Charles S. Wheden as master of ceremonies. A banquet was served after the installation.

In spite of the cold weather there has been no suspension of work on the new Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. The concrete sub-cellar for the heating plant has been constructed and the upper part of the building is now being raised on the rear of the lot which had been left open until the pit was finished. Lots of steam is necessary to keep the concrete from freezing before it sets.

Mr. A. Lanfear Norrie, well known in New York and Newport society, and who frequently occupied a cottage here during the season, died very suddenly in New York on Thursday from pneumonia.

A house on Block Island, owned by Elsm P. Littlefield, was totally destroyed by fire on Wednesday.

Christmas Day.

As Christmas Day, the twenty-fifth of December, falls on Sunday this year, the following day will be observed as a general holiday. There will be special services in all the Christian churches on Sunday, and there will be special music by augmented choirs in many cases.

The weather has been ideal for the holiday season and each afternoon the stores and the streets have been thronged with the holiday shoppers. Business has been very good for the past two weeks, and most persons seem to have heeded the injunction to do their shopping early. Whether there will be the customary rush at the last moment remains to be seen but as the stocks are already depleted in many stores those who have left their selections to the last are apt to be disappointed.

It will be very far from a green Christmas as there has been snow on the ground for the past two weeks and the cold weather has helped to make a demand on the part of the boys and girls for Santa Claus to bring them sleds and skates. Last year the trade in these specialties was not very brisk as the ground was bare until Christmas Day itself, but this time it is very different.

Monday will be observed as a general holiday throughout the city and at the various government stations here, only necessary work being done. The public schools closed for the holidays on Friday afternoon and will not re-open until after New Year's Day. There are many of Newport's sons and daughters at home from schools and colleges for the holidays and most of them will remain until the beginning of the new year.

Board of Aldermen.

The board of aldermen held a meeting on Tuesday evening for the purpose of clearing up the bills and accounts against the city for the year. There was some other business and there was a lively exchange of compliments between the Mayor and members of the license commission. Bills for the balance of the year were approved and ordered paid.

A claim for damages by dogs to poultry belonging to Joseph P. Cotton was ordered paid from the dog fund. The report of the street commissioner was received. A resolution was presented approving the pension bill for life savers now before Congress and urging Congressmen Capron and Sheffield to support the bill as passed by the Senate. The resolution was adopted.

Members of the license commission were present to talk over items on a bill for expenses. The commission had been requested to itemize an account of $8.00 for miscellaneous expenses, and these items were discussed with some warmth by Mayor Boyle and Secretary Commerford. All was harmonious at the end however.

Aldermen Shepley and Mahoney were made a committee to arrange the details for the inauguration of the new city government on January 2nd.

The board had a brief session on Thursday evening, President Shepley presiding in the absence of Mayor Boyle. The most important business was the reception of the deed to land on Wellington avenue adjoining King Park, which some of the summer residents are giving to the city. The deed was referred to the city solicitor.

The inauguration of the new city government will take place on Monday, January 2nd, when Mayor Boyle will again take the oath of office as chief executive of the city. The board of aldermen and representative council will meet at noon for the inaugural ceremonies, and will then probably take a recess until afternoon for the transaction of regular business. The election of city officers will probably take place in the evening. Already there are many candidates for most of the offices and there will probably be a fight for some of them. The office of street commissioner gives promise of being eagerly sought as there are already three avowed candidates in the field. For license commissioner there are also many candidates.

Washington Camp, Patriotic Order Sons of America, was instituted December 16th. This is the oldest fraternal patriotic Society in America. The parent order was called the Sons of Liberty. The Patriotic Order Sons of America is very strong in the Middle States, having nearly 10,000 members in Pennsylvania alone.

Miss Josephine Walsh, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Walsh, was united in marriage to Mr. Stephen A. Ingham, chief boatswain's mate at the Training Station, at St. Mary's Rectory on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Father Meenan performing the ceremony. A reception followed at the residence of the bride's parents.

Ponds Still Low.

There was a slight rainfall Sunday night and Monday which gave some encouragement of relief to the ponds which furnish Newport's water supply. Although there was not a great deal of precipitation, the rain helped to melt the snow that was already on the ground so that the streams running into the pond began to increase their flow slightly. The water in the pond was raised a few inches but it was only a temporary relief and much more rain will be required before the danger of a water famine will be fat all relieved. The ponds are the lowest ever known and the cold weather still further aggravates the situation by transforming a part of the scarce water supply into ice. The officials of the water company are using every effort to prevent waste of the supply and it is highly important that the people of the city co-operate with them.

There have been several brief snow squalls during the past week, the one of Tuesday night bearing close resemblance to a blizzard while it lasted. There was very little accumulation on the ground however and the sleighing has not yet been restored.

The month of December in Newport has been about as wintry as is often seen here, and if the rest of the winter bears out the promise of the beginning it will be a hard one. For long steady cold, with only a short break it has exceeded anything in recent years. Preparations are now being made for cutting ice, and although the Easton Pond is out of the question on account of lack of water there is prospect of a good crop at the Lily Pond. It is to be hoped that an ice crop may be secured as it serves to keep considerable money in the city which would otherwise be sent to Maine to pay for next season's supply of ice.

Agricultural Society.

The statement that an assessment of five dollars had been levied on each of the stockholders of the Newport County Agricultural Society is not correct. In the first place there are no stockholders of the society. They are all members and at the annual meeting held a year ago, or on January 21, 1910, the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "That the dues of all regular members of this society shall be five dollars per annum, payable on the first day of July of each year. Any member in arrears of dues six months after that date shall forfeit their membership in this society."

This vote was taken by the society in order that they might have money in the treasury to meet any and all contingencies, and also to provide funds for enlarging the buildings for housing the exhibits, which is imperatively needed. The attendance at the fair each year is increasing; the past year it was greater than ever before. The exhibits are also increasing in number and in excellence. The fair is a growing institution and is beginning to be appreciated by the people of the entire county.

There will be a celebration of the forty-eighth anniversary of the Emancipation Proclamation at Mt. Olivet Baptist Church on Monday evening, January 2nd, at 8 p. m. Dr. William H. Mathews will preside. The programme will include the reading of the Emancipation Proclamation by Dr. M. Alonzo Van Horne, reading of Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech by Miss Mabel Yoszell, and an address by the pastor, Rev. William B. Reed. There will be special music by the church choir. Veterans of the Civil War will occupy seats on the platform.

Miss Lillian Barrett, daughter of Mr. Joseph Barrett, superintendent of the Newport Casino, sails on December 28th, on the Lusitania for England as tutor for the two children of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Todd of New York. They have taken a house at Cannes for the winter. In the spring they will tour over Europe and will also visit Egypt and the Holy Land. They take with them two automobiles and a retinue of servants. They will be abroad some six months.

Miss Muriel Morris, daughter of Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard, was married in New York on Tuesday to Mr. Barrington Moore, son of the late Clement C. Moore. Mr. and Mrs. Moore came to Newport at once to spend a portion of their wedding trip.

Representative Sheffield has returned from Washington, Congress having adjourned to January 7th for the holiday recess.

Miss Roberta King, Miss Margerita Higbee, Miss Anita Barrett and Miss Alice Thompson have returned from Smith College for the holiday vacation.

Senator Aldrich is reported as being greatly improved after submitting to a minor operation in New York.

Recent Deaths.

H. Audley Clarke.

Mr. Henry Audley Clarke, a well known New York banker and a native Newporter, died very suddenly in New York on Friday of last week. Although he had not been in rugged health for some time, he insisted on visiting the financial district each day to look after his affairs. He was in the office of a broker Friday morning when he spoke of suffering severe pains in his chest. He sank into a chair and died before medical aid could be summoned. He had reached the advanced age of seventy-eight years

Mr. Clarke was the son of Peleg and Caroline M. Clarke and was born in Newport on January 20, 1832. He came from a family that had been prominent in Rhode Island from the first days of the colony. His immediate ancestors had been connected with the National Bank of Rhode Island from its foundation and the present generation maintained active connection with that institution and its successors. His father Peleg Clarke, was the owner of the ship Audley Clarke in which Newport's "Forty-niners" made the voyage around Cape Horn to California.

After completing his schooling in Newport, H. Audley Clarke followed in the family footsteps and entered the employ of the National Bank of Rhode Island. In 1853 he decided to widen his sphere by removing to New York where he entered the Bank of America, retaining his connection with that institution until 1885. Although he then retired from active banking duties he still retained his interests in many financial institutions and was well known in the financial world of New York. He was active until the day of his death, being a director of many industrial and financial organizations and having great weight in everything in which he was interested.

Mr. Clarke had been a summer resident of Jamestown for many years, owning a fine farm there on which he built a handsome summer residence a number of years ago. He spent each summer there with his family and they were much interested in the welfare of the town.

He was one of the active workers for the establishment of the Jamestown and Newport Ferry Company and was for a number of years one of the directors of the ferry elected to represent the town of Jamestown. A few years ago he became interested in an opposition line and was one of the large stockholders of the Saunders Ferry which was established at that time.

Mr. Clarke's wife died about six years ago. She was Miss Fanny Randolph Wood, daughter of Mr. Henry Wood of Newport. He is survived by four children, Mr. Audley Clarke, Miss Caroline Moore Clarke, Mrs. Philip L. Raymond, and Mr. O. Henry Clarke.

John J. Wysong.

Mr. John J. Wysong died at his residence on Ochre Point on Wednesday after a long illness. He had been in poor health in the spring but insisted upon coming to Newport as usual to spend the summer. He failed steadily after arriving here and was under the constant care of physicians and nurses during the summer. At the close of the season he was too ill to be removed to his winter residence and the house had been kept open. His death was not unexpected.

Mr. Wysong was born in West Virginia in 1839, and his early life was spent in the South. When the Civil War came he enlisted in the Southern cause and fought for the cause that he believed to be right. He took part in many important battles of the war. After its close he removed to New York and engaged in business where he was successful in amassing a large fortune.

Mr. Wysong had been a summer resident here for many years. He built a handsome stone cottage on Ochre Point avenue, called "Greystone," and here he passed a large part of each year. He was very fond of Newport and its life and took an active part in the social functions here. He is survived by a widow and one brother, the latter residing in West Virginia.

Mrs. Samuel S. Thompson.

Mrs. Samuel S. Thompson died suddenly at Wallum Lake on Tuesday evening, after having been in rather poor health for some time. She went to Wallum Lake on the advice of physicians a few weeks ago in the hope of obtaining relief there. She seemed to improve for a time, but her heart weakness was not removed and she had a sudden sinking spell a short time before her death. Her husband was notified and proceeded to the camp at once. The remains were brought to this city on Wednesday, funeral services being held at her late residence on Broadway, Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. Thompson was a daughter of the late David W. Holloway, who was for many years cashier of the National Exchange Bank. She is survived by her husband, Mr. Samuel S. Thompson, and one daughter, Miss Alice Thompson, a student at Smith College.

George W. Ellery.

Mr. George W. Ellery, a grandson of William Ellery, died at his home in Stafford Springs, Conn., on Tuesday. He was born in this city in 1823 and lived here and on the Island for many years. He removed a few years ago to Stafford Springs, Conn., where he had since made his home. He was a brother of Miss Henrietta Ellery of this city. He is survived by three sons, George, William and Christopher Ellery, and one daughter, Miss Anna Ellery. The remains were brought to this city for interment.

Superior Court.

The third week of the session of the Superior Court for Newport County opened on Monday, and the session has now come to an end. The court has had a busy time, there having been a number of jury trials which always take time. Considerable progress has been made in clearing up the matters that were waiting for juries, and the docket has been considerably relieved.

When the court opened on Monday the Little Compton case of Hathaway vs. Ramos was still on, being a suit to recover for construction of a building. The amount of the claim was $586. The case occupied all of Monday and Tuesday, the jury not reporting a verdict until about 6 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. The verdict was for plaintiff for $533.77.

The case of P. J. Murphy vs. George E. Keeler was heard by the court. This was to recover rent for certain of the Renfrey Park cottages which were hired by the defendant, a lease being submitted in evidence. The defendant was not present in person, there having been difficulty found in reaching him. A nil dicet judgement for plaintiff was ordered by the court, the amount being $625, no interest allowed.

The case of Old Colony Street Railway Company vs. Tobin & Bradley was given to the jury Wednesday morning. This is a case that has figured in the courts considerably at different times being a suit to obtain possession of the land adjoining the waiting room on Spring street. For plaintiffs it was shown that legal notice to vacate had been given to the defendants who were tenants on a lease for a year beginning November 1, 1909. The court directed a verdict for plaintiff for possession and 10 cents damages.

The divorce case of Honora S. Grinnell vs. Levi J. Grinnell was heard by the court, and the divorce was granted, the wife to have custody of the children.

Malene Fletcher vs. the Board of Aldermen of the City of Newport was talked over, but the case was continued for trial at some subsequent session. It was announced that the case of Harold C. Field vs. William E. Carter had been settled.

A Fatal Fall.

There was a fatal accident at the yard of the Perry Coal Company on Wednesday afternoon, when Patrick Harrington, an employe, fell from the top of the tower where he had been receiving the coal that came up in buckets, and was probably instantly killed. Although the body was warm when picked up, life was extinct before the ambulance reached the hospital, and he was probably dead before the body was found.

Harrington had been at work in the tower attending to the buckets of coal as they came up. He had been seen at his work by a number of the men in the yard and on the barge but a few moments before but no one saw him fall and the accident was not known until his body was found on the ground by a man who came down the wharf.

Mr. Perry was at once notified of the accident and he summoned the ambulance to convey the man to the hospital. When he reached that institution it was at once seen that life was extinct and the body was turned over to an undertaker.

Harrington was thoroughly familiar with his work and the cause of the fall cannot be accounted for. He was a member of the well known family of boatmen, being a son of Captain Harrington who was long a skipper of the cat boat fleet at Bannister's wharf. He was not married.

The interior of the new Colonial Theatre is progressing rapidly and the decorators have nearly completed their work. Stagings have been taken down and the building is being cleaned up. The front of the building is still far from finished but there is no particular rush about that.

After Christmas the services of Trinity Church for the winter will be held at Kay Chapel. The interior of Trinity is to be entirely re-painted and the work will require a considerable time.

MIDDLETOWN.

COURT OF PROBATE.—At the Court of Probate held on Monday, December 19, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Melville Bull. The first and final account of the administrators with the will annexed, presented by Charles M. Bull, (his co-administrator, Thomas G. Brown, having died), was examined, verified and ordered recorded. The administrators were represented by J. Stuyvesant Brown, as counsel.

Estate of Laura A. Barker. An inventory was presented by Abiel F. Davis, her guardian, allowed and ordered recorded. The bond first given by guardian in the sum of $30,000.00, was adjudged insufficient and he was directed to give an additional bond in the sum of $10,000.00 with the National Surety Company of New York as surety.

Estate of Isaac Barker. An inventory of his unadministered estate was rendered by Abiel F. Davis, the administrator de bonis non, with the will annexed, allowed and ordered recorded. The amount of the inventory exceeded the amount of the bond given by the administrator and he was ordered to give a second bond in the sum of $10,000.00 with the National Surety Company as surety.

Estate of Nathan T. Van Alstyne. Daniel Beard, the administrator, presents his first and final account, which is referred to the third Monday of January with an order of notice.

In Town Council. The following accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury: W. Clarence Peckham, payment on contract for grading and stoning 855 feet of Green End avenue, $300.00; Elmer B. Slocum, building stone roadbed in Green lane, $149.60; Daniel A. Carter, for highway repairs, $29.05; Daniel A. Carter, for shovelling snow, $12.20; William S. Caswell, for shovelling snow, $9.60; William S. Caswell, for police duty, $9.00; Chester B. Brown, for cutting and applying crushed stone to the westerly end of Second and First Beach avenue, $171.50; Arthur A. Brigham, janitor at Town Hall, $6.00; Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr., services as Town Sergeant, $16.50; John H. Oxx, for work on pump, $1.20; Theophilus T. Pitman, advertising election warrant, $26.25; James Bloomfield, services as constable, $18.05; Charles Peckham, for drawing deeds of burial lots and setting bound stones, $6.50; Fillmore Coggeshall, Jr., bounty due for killing skunks, $6.00; Peckham Brothers, for crushed stone, $100.01; Alfred Carr, repairing road implements, $3.00; William O. Milne, printing 600 tax-books, $110.40, printing labels for Town sealer, $1.50; Old Colony Street Railway Company, electric light, $2.88; Accounts for the relief of the poor, $56.21; Total, $1,025.55.

A resolution was passed endorsing the bill adopted by the United States Senate in t June, entitled A Bill to Promote the Efficiency of the Life Saving Service, and providing pensions and a graduated scale for increase in the compensation for the officers and men enlisted in the Life Saving Service. This action was taken at the request of the life savers, and in conjunction with similar endorsements from other towns in the state. A copy of the resolution was ordered to be transmitted to the two Representatives in Congress from this state.

The Oliphant Club celebrated the thirteenth anniversary of its organization on Friday last at the home of Mrs. Edward Almy on Union street. As the Club was founded on Whittier's birthday, December 10th, the day is especially commemorated each year, the program being followed by a social. The committee included Mrs. Elbert Sisson, chairman; Mrs. Abram A. Chase and Mrs. Edward Almy. Selections from Whittier and Longfellow were given, among them quotations from Whittier and a reading of his poem, "Snowbound." The memorial address delivered by Mrs. May Alden Ward on Julia Ward Howe, before the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs was read by Mrs. Abram Chase. Cocoa and fancy crackers were served.

St. George's School closed Wednesday for the holidays and will reopen January 10. The Rev. Latta Griswold left Thursday for Minneapolis where he will spend his vacation with his aunt, Mrs. Laidley. Rev. A. D. Dring of Boston will conduct the services on Christmas day at the chapel and there will be a celebration of Holy Communion.

Mrs. Lydia B. Chase who went to Providence nearly two months ago to recuperate on account of failing health, and who was taken very ill at the home of her niece, Mrs. Joseph E. Farnum, while there, was brought home last week in an electric Red Cross ambulance, accompanied by her nurse. The stretcher was placed in the motor car which was heated and every precaution taken to insure the comfort of the invalid. The journey was made during the middle of the day and was accomplished in two and a half hours with no apparent discomfort to the sick woman, who is now at her home on Turner's road.

Christmas tree exercises and the pleasing entertainment entitled "Christmas among the Nations," were held at the Berkeley Parish House Wednesday evening, with a good attendance. Carols were sung, Mr. Edward P. Lake, the organist, being accompanied at the piano by his elder daughter, Miss Elsa Lake, aged 10, on the violin. Mr. J. Overton Peckham made an acceptable Santa Claus. Ice cream, candy and cake were served, followed by dancing. The religious portion of the exercises was conducted by Rev. Latta Griswold, the play by Mrs. Reuben W. Peckham and Mrs. J. Willis Peckham, and the general arrangements by Mrs. Robert Patterson.

The Methodist Episcopal Church will hold its Christmas tree exercises at the church Saturday night and there will be special services at the church on Christmas day followed that evening by the second of the Sunday evening illustrated lectures upon "Japan and the Japanese."

Miss Ellen Smith and Mrs. Elma May Peckham of Paradise avenue leave early in January for Los Angeles, California, where they will remain several weeks.

The Silver Horde

By REX BEACH

Author of "The Spoilers" and "The Barrier"

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CHAPTER XVII.

AS the sun slanted up between the southward hills out from the gossamer haze that lay like filmy forest smoke above the ocean came a snow white yacht.

To Boyd Emerson she seemed like an angel of mercy, and he stood forth upon the deck of his launch searching her hungrily for the sight of a woman's figure. When he had first seen the ship rounding the point he had uttered a cry, then fallen silent watching her as she drew near, heedless of his surroundings. His heart was leaping; his breath was choking him. It seemed as if he must shout Mildred's name aloud and stretch his arms out to her. Of course she would see him as the Grande Dame passed. She would be looking for him, he knew. She would be standing there, wet with the dew, searching with all her eyes. Doubtless she had waited patiently at her post from the instant land came into sight. Seized by a sudden panic lest she pass him unnoticed, he ordered his launch near the yacht's course. His eyes roved over the craft, but all he saw were a uniformed officer upon the bridge and the bronzed faces of the watch staring over the rail. He saw close drawn curtains over the cabin windows, indicating that the passengers were still asleep. Then as he stood there heavy hearted, drooping with fatigue, his wet body chilled by the morning's breath, the Grande Dame glided past, and he found the shell beneath his feet rocking in her wake.

George Bait hailed him and brought his own launch alongside.

"What craft is that?" he inquired.

"She is the company's yacht with the N. A. P. A. officers aboard."

"Some of our boys is hurt pretty bad," he observed. "I've told them to take in their nets and go back to the plant."

"We all need breakfast."

"I don't want nothing. I'm going over to the trap."

Emerson shrugged his shoulders listlessly; he was very tired. "What is the use? It won't pay us to lift it."

"I've watched that point of land for five years, and I never seen fish act this way before," Bait growled stubbornly. "If they don't strike in today we better close down. Marsh's men cut half our nets and crippled more than half our crew last night." He began to rumble curses. "Say, we made a mistake the other day, didn't we? We'd ought to have put that feller away. It ain't too late yet."

"Wait. Wayne Wayland is aboard that yacht. I know him. He's a hard man, and I've heard strange stories about him, but I don't believe he knows all that Marsh has been doing. I'm going to see him and tell him everything."

"S'pose he turns you down?"

"Then there will be time enough to—to consider what you suggest. I don't like to think about it."

"You don't have to," said Bait, lowering his voice so that the helmsmen could not hear. "I've been thinking it over all night, and it looks like I'd ought to do it myself. Marsh is coming to me anyhow, and—I'm older than you be. It ain't right for a young feller like you to take a chance. If they get me you can run the business alone."

Boyd laid his hand on his companion's shoulder.

"No," he said. "Perhaps I wouldn't stick at murder—I don't know. But I won't profit by another man's crime, and if it comes to that I'll take my share of the risk and the guilt. Whatever you do, I stand with you. But we'll hope for better things. It's no easy thing for me to go to Mr. Wayland asking a favor. You see, his daughter is— Well, I—I want to see her very badly."

Bait eyed him shrewdly.

"I see! And that makes it dead wrong for you to take a hand. If it's necessary to get Marsh I'll do it alone. With him out of the way I think you can make a go of it. He's like a rattler—somebody's got to stomp on him. Now I'm off for the trap. Let me know what the old man says."

Boyd returned to the cannery with the old mood of self disgust and bitterness heavy upon him. He realized that George's offer to commit murder had not shocked him as much as upon its first mention. He knew that he had thought of shedding human blood with as little compunction as if the intended victim had been some noxious animal. He felt, indeed, that if his love for Mildred made him a criminal she, too, would be soiled by his dishonor, and for her sake he shrank from the idea of violence, yet he lacked the energy at that time to put it from him. Well, he would go to her father, humble himself and beg for protection. If he failed then Marsh must look out for himself. He could not find it in his heart to spare his enemy.

At the plant he found Alton Clyde tremendously excited at the arrival of the yacht and eager to visit his friends. He sent him to the launch and after a hasty breakfast joined him.

On their way out Boyd felt a return of that misgiving which had mastered him on his first meeting with Mildred in Chicago. For the second time he was bringing her failure instead of the promised victory.

Willis Marsh was ahead of him, standing with Mr. Wayland at the rail. Some one else was with them. Boyd's heart leaped wildly as he recognized her. He would have known that slim figure anywhere. And Mildred saw him, too, pointing him out to her companions.

With knees shaking under him he came stumbling up the landing ladder, a tall, gaunt figure of a man in rough clothing and boots stained with the sea salt. He looked older by five years than when the girl had last seen him. His cheeks were hollowed and his lips cracked by the wind, but his eyes were aflame with the old light. His smile was for her alone.

He never remembered the spoken greetings nor the looks the others gave him, for her soft, cool hands lay in his hard, feverish palms, and she was smiling up at him.

Alton Clyde was at his heels, and he felt Mildred disengage her hand. He tore his eyes away from her face long enough to nod at Marsh, who gave him a menacing look, then turned to Wayne Wayland. The old man was saying something, and Boyd answered him unintelligibly, after which he took Mildred's hands once more with such an air of unconscious proprietorship that Willis Marsh grew pale to the lips and turned his back. Other people whom Boyd had not noticed until now came down the deck—men and women with fieldglasses and cameras swung over their shoulders. He found that he was being introduced to them by Mildred, whose voice betrayed no tremor and whose manners were as collected as if this were her own drawing room and the man at her side a casual acquaintance. The strangers mingled with the little group, leveled their glasses and made senseless remarks after the manner of tourists the world over. Boyd gathered somehow that they were officers of the trust or heavy stockholders and their wives. He led Mildred to a deck chair and seated himself beside her.

"At last!" he breathed. "You are here, Mildred. You really came, after all?"

"Yes, Boyd."

"And are you glad?"

"Indeed I am. The trip has been wonderful."

"It doesn't seem possible. I can't believe that this is really you—that I am not dreaming, as usual."

"And you? How have you been?"

"I've been well—I guess I have. I haven't had time to think of myself. Oh, my lady!" His voice broke with tenderness, and he laid his hand gently upon hers.

She withdrew it quickly.

"Not here! Remember where we are. You are not looking well, Boyd. I don't know that I ever saw you look so bad. Perhaps it is your clothes."

"I am tired," he confessed, feeling anew the weariness of the past twenty-four hours. He covertly stroked a fold of her dress, murmuring: "You are here, after all. And you love me, Mildred? You haven't changed, have you?"

"Not at all. Have you?"

His deep breath and the light that flamed into his face was her answer.

"I want to be alone with you," he cried huskily. "My arms ache for you. Come away from here; this is torture. I'm like a man dying of thirst."

No woman could have beheld his burning eagerness without an answering thrill, and, although Mildred sat motionless, her lids drooped slightly and a faint color tinged her cheeks. Her idle hands clasped themselves rigidly.

"You are always the same," she smiled. "You sweep me away from myself and from everything. I have never seen any one like you. There are people everywhere. Father is somewhere close by."

"I don't care"—

"I do."

"My launch is alongside. Let me take you ashore and show you what I have done. I want you to see."

"I can't. I promised to go ashore with the Berrys and Mr. Marsh."

"Marsh!"

"Now don't get tragic! We are all going to look over his plant and have lunch there. They are expecting me. Oh, dear!" she cried plaintively. "I have seen and heard nothing but canneries ever since we left Vancouver. The men talk nothing but fish and packs and markets and dividends. It's all deadly stupid, and I'm wretchedly tired of it. Father is the worst of the lot, of course."

Emerson's eyes shifted to his own cannery. "You haven't seen mine—ours," said he.

"Oh, yes, I have. Mr. Marsh pointed it out to father and me. It looks just like all the others." There was an instant's pause before she ran on. "Do you know, there is only one interesting feature about them, to my notion, and that is the way the Chinamen smoke. Those funny crooked pipes and those little wads of tobacco are too ridiculous." The lightness of her words damped his ardor and brought back the sense of failure.

"I was down with the fishing fleet at the mouth of the bay this morning when you came in. I thought I might see you," he said.

"At that hour? Heavens! I was sound asleep. It was hard enough to get up when we were called. Father might have instructed the captain not to steam so fast."

Boyd stared at her in hurt surprise, but she was smiling at Alton Clyde in the distance and did not observe his look.

"Don't you care even to hear what I have done?" he inquired.

"Of course," said Mildred, bringing her eyes back to him.

Hesitatingly he told her of his disappointments, the obstacles he had met and overcome, avoiding Marsh's name and refraining from placing the blame where it belonged. When he had concluded she shook her head.

"It is too bad. But Mr. Marsh told us all about it before you came. Boyd, I never thought well of this enterprise. Of course I didn't say anything against it, you were so enthusiastic, but you really ought to try something big. I am sure you have the ability. Why, the successful men I know at home have no more intelligence than you, and they haven't half your force. As for this—well, I think you can accomplish more important things than catching fish."

"Important!" he cried. "Why, the salmon industry is one of the most important on the coast. It employs 10,000 men in Alaska alone, and they produce $10,000,000 every year."

"Oh, let's not go into statistics," said Mildred lightly; "they make my head ache. What I mean is that a fisherman is nothing like—an attorney or a broker or an architect, for instance; he is more like a miner. Pardon me, Boyd, but look at your clothes." She began to laugh. "Why, you look like a common laborer!"

"I might have slicked up a bit," he acknowledged lamely, "but when you came I forgot everything else."

"I was dreadfully embarrassed when I introduced you to the Berrys and the rest. I daresay they thought you were one of Mr. Marsh's foremen."

Never before had Boyd known the least constraint in Mildred's presence, but now he felt the rebuke behind her careless manner, and it wounded him



"WHY, YOU LOOK LIKE A COMMON LABORER!"

deeply. He did not speak, and after a moment she went on with an abrupt change of subject:

"So that funny little house over there against the hill is where the mysterious woman lives?"

"Who?"

"Cherry Malotte."

"Yes. How did you learn that?"

"Mr. Marsh pointed it out. He said she came up on the same ship with you."

"That is true."

"Why didn't you tell me? Why did not you write me that she was with you in Seattle?"

"I don't know; I didn't think of it." She regarded him coolly.

"Has anybody discovered who or what she is?"

"Why are you so curious about her?"

Mildred shrugged her shoulders. "Your discussion with Willis Marsh that night at our house interested me very much. I thought I would ask Mr. Marsh to bring her around when we went ashore. It would be rather amusing. She wouldn't come out to the yacht and return my call, would she?" Boyd smiled at her frank concern at this possibility.

"You don't know the kind of girl she is," he said. "She isn't at all what you think. I don't believe you would be able to meet her in the way you suggest."

"Indeed!" Mildred arched her brows. "Why?"

"She wouldn't fancy being 'brought around,' particularly by Marsh."

From her look of surprise he knew that he had touched on dangerous ground, and he made haste to lead the conversation back to its former channel. He wished to impress Mildred with the fact that if he had not quite succeeded he had by no means failed, but she listened indifferently, with the air of humoring an insistent child.

"I wish you would give it up and try something else," she said at last. "This is no place for you. Why, you are losing all your old wit and buoyancy; you are actually growing serious, and serious people are not at all amusing."

Just then Alton Clyde and a group of people, among whom was Willis Marsh, emerged from the cabin, talking and laughing. Mildred arose, saying:

"Here come the Berrys, ready to go ashore."

"When may I see you again?" he inquired quickly.

"You may come out this evening."

His eyes blazed as he answered, "I shall come!"

As the others came up she said:

"Mr. Emerson can't accompany us. He wishes to see father."

"I just left him in the cabin," said Marsh. He helped the ladies to the ladder, and a moment later Emerson waved the party adieu, then turned to the saloon in search of Wayne Wayland.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN Mr. Wayland's stiff greeting there was no hint that the two men had ever been friendly, but Emerson was prepared for coolness and seated himself without waiting for an invitation, glad of the chance to rest his tired limbs.

"I have a great deal to say to you, sir," Emerson began, "and I would like you to hear me through."

"Go ahead."

"I am going to tell you some things about Mr. Marsh that I dare say you will disbelieve, but I can verify my statements. I think you are a just man, and I don't believe you know or would approve the methods he has used against me."

"If this is to be an arraignment of Mr. Marsh I suggest that you wait until he can be present. He has gone ashore with the women folks."

"I prefer to talk to you first. We can call him in later if you wish."

"Before we begin may I inquire what you expect of me?"

"I expect relief."

"You remember our agreement?"

"I don't want assistance; I want relief."

"Whatever the distinction in the words, I understand that you are asking a favor?"

"I don't consider it so."

"Very well. Proceed."

"When you sent me out three years ago to make a fortune for Mildred it was understood that there should be fair play on both sides"—

"Have you played fair?" quickly interposed the old man.

"I have. When I came to Chicago I had no idea that you were interested in the Pacific coast fisheries. I had raised the money before I discovered that you even knew Willis Marsh. Then it was too late to retreat. When I reached Seattle all sorts of unexpected obstacles came up. I lost the ship I had chartered; machinery houses refused deliveries; shipments went astray; my bank finally refused its loan, and every other bank in the northwest followed suit. I was harassed in every possible way. And it wasn't chance that caused it; it was Willis Marsh. He set spies upon me; he incited a dock strike that resulted in a riot and the death of at least one man; moreover, he tried to have me killed."

"How do you know he did that?"

"I have no legal proof, but I know it just the same."

Mr. Wayland smiled. "That is not a very definite charge. You surely don't hold him responsible for the death of that striker?"

"I do; and for the action of the police in trying to fix the crime upon me. You know, perhaps, how I got away from Seattle. When Marsh arrived at Kalvik he first tried to sink my boilers; failing in that, he ruined my iron Chinks; then he 'corked' my fish trap, not because he needed more fish, but purely to spoil my catch. The day the run started he bribed my fishermen to break their contracts, leaving me short handed. He didn't need more men, but did that simply to cripple me. I got Indians to replace the white men, but he won them away by a miserable trick and by threats that I have no doubt he would make good if the poor devils dared to stand out.

"His men won't allow my fellows to work. We have had our nets cut and our fish thrown out. Last night we had a bad time on the banks, and a number of people were hurt. The situation is growing worse every hour, and there will be bloodshed unless this persecution stops. All I want is a fair chance. There are fish enough for us all in the Kalvik, but that man has used the power of your organization to ruin me not for business reasons, but for personal spite. I have played the game squarely, Mr. Wayland, but unless this ceases I'm through."

"You are through?"

"Yes. The run is nearly a week old, and I haven't begun to pack my salmon. I have less than half a boat crew, and of those half are laid up."

The president of the trust stirred for the first time since Boyd had begun his recital. The grim lines about his mouth set themselves deeper, and, staring with cold gray eyes at the speaker, he said:

"Well, sir, what you have told me confirms my judgment that Willis Marsh is the right man in the right place."

Completely taken back by this unexpected reply, Boyd exclaimed:

"You don't mean to say that you approve of what he has done?"

"Yes, of what I know he has done. Mr. Marsh is pursuing a definite policy laid down by his board of directors. You have shown me that he has done his work well. You know before you left the east that we intended to crush all opposition."

Emerson's voice was sharp as he cried, "I understand all that, but am I to understand also that the directors of the N. A. P. A. instructed him to kill me?"

"Tut, tut! Don't talk nonsense. You admit that you have no proof of Willis' connection with the attempt upon your life. You put yourself in the way of danger when you hired scab labor to break that strike. I think you got off very easily."

"If Marsh was instructed to crush the independents, why has he centered all his efforts on me alone? Why has he spent this summer in Kalvik and not among the other stations to the south?"

"That is our business. Different methods are required in different localities."

"Then you have no criticism to make—you uphold him?" Boyd's indignation was getting beyond control.

"None whatever. Your complaints do not appeal to me. Even granting your absurd assumption that Marsh tried to put you out of the way, it seems to me that you have more than evened the score."

"How?"

"He is still wearing bandages over that knife thrust you gave him."

Emerson leaped to his feet.

"He knows I didn't do that—everybody knows it!" he cried. "He lied to you."

"We won't discuss that," said Wayne Wayland curtly. "What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to end this persecution. I want you to call him off."

"In other words, you want me to save you."

Emerson swallowed. "I suppose it amounts to that. I want to be let alone. I want a square deal."

"Well, I won't." Wayland's voice hardened suddenly; his sound, white teeth snapped together. "You are getting exactly what you deserve. You betrayed me by spying upon me while you broke bread in my house. I see nothing reprehensible in Mr. Marsh's conduct, but even if I did I would not censure him. Any measures are justifiable against a traitor."

Boyd Emerson's face went gray beneath its coating of tan, and his voice threatened to break as he said:

"I am no traitor, and you know it. I thought you a man of honor, and I came to you not for help, but for justice. But I see I was mistaken. I am beginning to believe that Marsh acted under your instructions from the first."

"Believe what you choose."

"You think you've got me, but you haven't. I'll beat you yet."

"You can't beat me at anything." Mr. Wayland's jaws were set like iron.

"Not this year perhaps, but next. You and Marsh have whipped me this time, but the salmon will come again, and I'll run my plant in spite of hell!"

Wayne Wayland made as if to speak, but Boyd went on unheeding: "You've taken a dislike to me, but your conduct shows that you fear me. You are afraid I'll succeed, and I will."

"Brave talk!" said the older man. "But you owe $100,000, and your stockholders will learn of your mismanagement."

"Your persecution, you mean!" cried the other. "I can explain. They will wait another year. I will raise more money, and they will stand by me."

"Perhaps I know more about that than you do."

Emerson strode toward the desk menacingly, crying in a quivering voice:

"I warn you to keep your hands off them. Don't try any of your financial trickery with me, or I'll"—

Wayne Wayland leaped from his chair, his face purple and his eyes flashing savagely.

"Leave this yacht!" he thundered. "I won't allow you to insult me. I won't stand your threats. I've got you where I want you, and when the time comes you'll know it. Now, get out!" He stretched forth a great square hand and closed it so fiercely that the fingers cracked. "I'll crush you—like that!"

Boyd turned and strode from the cabin.

Half blinded with anger, he stumbled down the ladder to his launch.

"Back to the plant!" he ordered, then gazed with lowering brows and defiant eyes at the Grande Dame as she rested swanlike and serene at her moorings. His anger against Mildred's father destroyed for the time all thought of his disappointment at her own lack of understanding and her cool acceptance of his failure. He saw only that his affairs had reached a final climax where he must bow to the inevitable or—Big George's parting words came to him—strike one last blow in reprisal.

It was the hour of his darkest despair—the real crisis in his life. There are times when it rests with fate to make a strong man stronger or turn him altogether to evil. Such a man will not accept misfortune tamely. He is the reverse of those who are good through weakness. It is his nature to sin strongly.

But the unexpected happened, and Boyd's black mood vanished in amazement at the sight which met his eyes. Moored to the fish dock was a lighter awash with a cargo that made him stare and doubt his vision. He had



"WE'VE WON, MY BOY! WE'VE WON!"

seen his scanty crew of gill netters return empty handed with the rising sun, exhausted, disheartened, depleted in numbers, yet there before him were thousands of salmon. They were strewn in a great mass upon the dock and inside the shed, while from the scow beneath they came in showers as the handlers tossed them upward from their "pues." Through the wide doors he saw the backs of the butchers busily at work over their tables and heard the uproar of his cannery running full for the first time.

Before the launch had touched he had leaped to the ladder and swung himself upon the dock. He stumbled into the arms of Big George.

"Where—did those—fish come from?" he cried breathlessly.

"From the trap." George smiled as he had not smiled in many weeks. "They've struck in like I knew they would, and they're running now by the thousands. I've fished these waters for years, but I never seen the likes of it. They'll tear that trap to pieces. They're smothering in the pot, tons and tons of 'em, with millions more milling below the leads because they can't get in. It's a sight you'll not see once in a lifetime."

"That means that we can run the plant—that we'll get all we can use?"

"Say, we've got fish enough to run two canneries. They've struck their gait, I tell you, and they'll never stop now, night or day, till they're through. We don't need no gill netters. What we need is butchers and slimers and handlers. There never was a trap site in the north till this one. I told Willis Marsh that years ago." He flung out a long, hairy arm, bared half to the shoulder, and waved it exultantly. "We built this plant to cook 40,000

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE

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Leave City Hall, Newport, for City Hall, Fall River, via Middletown, Portsmouth and Tiverton, week days 6.50 a. m., then every thirty minutes, until 10.20 p. m., then 11.00 p. m.

Sundays, 7.00 a. m., then every 30 minutes until 10.00 p. m. then 11.15 p. m.

Returning, leave City Hall, Fall River, for City Hall, Newport, 8.20 a. m., then every thirty minutes until 11.20 p. m.

Sundays 8.50 a. m., the same as week days.

NEWPORT CITY CARS

Change of time June 13, 1910.

Leave One Mile Corner for Morton Park 6.00, 6.15, 6.30 a. m. and 10.30, 10.45 and 11.00 p. m. Sundays 6.30 a. m. Then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park, for Mile Corner 6.22 and 6.37 a. m. and 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m. Sundays 10.52, 11.07 and 11.22 p. m.

Leave One Mile Corner for the Beach 6.30 a. m. and every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Beach, 6.45 a. m., then every 15 minutes until and including 10.30 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Beach for One Mile Corner at 7.00 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 10.45 p. m. Sundays same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for One Mile Corner 6.30, 6.45 and 7.15 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.30 p. m. Sundays 7.15 a. m., and then same as week days.

Leave Franklin Street for Morton Park 6.15 a. m., and every 15 minutes to and including 11.15 p. m. Sundays 6.45 a. m., then same as week days.

Leave Morton Park for Franklin Street 6.22 a. m. and every 15 minutes to and including 11.22 p. m. Sundays 6.52 a. m. and then same as week days.

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Time Table in Effect Oct. 8, 1909.

Leave Newport for Fall River, Taunton and Boston week days, 6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m. Sundays—Leave Newport 7.00, 9.00, 11.00 a. m., 3.00, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middletown and Portsmouth—6.47, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Tiverton—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

Middleboro—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Hyannis—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

Provincetown—11.02 a. m.

Plymouth—11.02 a. m., 3.02 p. m.

New Bedford—6.47, 8.20, 11.02 a. m., 3.02, 9.13 p. m.

Providence (via Fall River)—6.47, 8.20, 9.02, 11.02 a. m., 1.02, 3.02, 5.13, 9.13 p. m.

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THE SILVER HORDE

CONTINED FROM PAGE TWO

salmon a day, but I'll bring you 3,000 every hour, and you've got to cook 'em. Do you hear?"

"And they couldn't cork us after all!" Emerson leaned unsteadily against a pile, for his head was whirling.

"No! We'll show that gang what a cannery can do. Marsh's traps will rot where they stand." Big George shook his tight clinched fist again. "We've won, my boy! We've won!"

"Then don't let us stand here talking!" cried Emerson sharply. "Hurry! Hurry!" He turned and sped up the dock.

He had come into his own at last, and he vowed with tight shut teeth that no wheel should stop, no belt should slacken, no man should leave his duty, till the run had passed. At the entrance to the throbbing, clanging building he paused an instant and with a smile looked toward the yacht floating lazily in the distance. Then, with knees sagging beneath him from weariness, he entered.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I'VE heard the news!" cried Cherry later that afternoon, shrieking to make herself heard above the rattle and jar of the machinery.

"There seems to be a Providence that watches over fishermen," said Boyd.

"I am happy, for your sake, and I want to apologize for my display of temper. Come away where I won't have to scream so. I want to talk to you."

"It is music to my ears," he answered as he led her past the rows of Chinamen bowed before their soldering torches as if busied with some heathen rites. "But I'm glad to sit down just the same. I've been on my feet for thirty-six hours."

"It's too much for one man," she declared.

"Oh, I'll sleep tomorrow."

"Did you see—her?" questioned Cherry.

"Yes!"

"She must be very proud of you," she said wistfully.

"I—I—don't think she understands what I am trying to do or what it means. Our talk was not very satisfactory."

"She surely must have understood what Marsh is doing."

"I didn't tell her that."

"Why not?"

"What good would it have done?"

"Why"—Cherry seemed bewildered—"she could put a stop to it; she could use her influence with her father against Marsh. I expected to see your old crew back at work again. Oh, I wish I had her power!"

"She wouldn't take a hand under any circumstances—it wouldn't occur to her—and naturally I couldn't ask her." Boyd flushed uncomfortably. "Thanks to George's trap, there is no need." He went on to tell Cherry of the scene with Mr. Wayland and its stormy ending.

"They have used all their resources to down you," she said, "but luck is with you, and you mustn't let them succeed. Now is the time to show them what is in you. Go in and win her now against all of them."

He was grateful for her sympathy, yet somehow it made him uncomfortable.

"What was it you wished to see me about?" he asked.

"Oh! Have you seen Chakawana?"

"No."

"She disappeared early this morning soon after the yacht came in. I can't find her anywhere. She took the baby with her, and—I'm worried."

"Doesn't Constantine know where she is?"

"Why, Constantine is down here, isn't he?"

"He hasn't been here since yesterday."

Cherry rose nervously. "There is something wrong, Boyd. They have been acting queerly for a long time."

Just then Constantine came sauntering round the corner of the building.

"Thank heaven!" cried Cherry. "He will know where the others are."

But when his mistress questioned him Constantine merely replied: "I don' know. I no see Chakawana."

"There is something queer about this," said Emerson. "Where have you been all day?"

"I go sleep. I tired from fighting last night. I come back now and go work. Bime'by Chakawana come back, too, I guess."

"Well, I don't need you tonight, so you'd better go back to Cherry's house and stay there till I send for you."

As she passed Marsh's cannery Cherry saw a tender moored to the dock and noticed strangers among the buildings. They stared at her curiously, as if the sight of a white girl attended by a copper hued giant were part of the picturesqueness they expected. As she drew near her own house she saw a woman approaching, and while yet a stone's throw distant she recognized her. A jealous tightening of her throat and a flutter at her breast told her that this was Mildred Wayland.

Cherry would have passed on silently, but Miss Wayland checked her.

"Pardon me," she said. "Will you tell me what that odd looking building is used for?" She pointed to the village church.

"That is the Greek church."

"How interesting! Are there many Greeks here?"

"No. It is a relic of the Russian days. The natives worship there."

"Do you live here?"

"Yes. In the log house yonder."

"Indeed! I tried to find some one there, but—you were out, of course. You have it arranged very cozily, I see." Mildred's manner was faintly patronizing. She was vexed at the beauty and evident refinement of this woman whom she had thought to find so different.

"If you will go back I will show it to you from the inside, Miss Wayland." Cherry enjoyed her start at the name and the look of cold hostility that followed.

"You have the advantage of me," said Mildred. "I did not think we had met. You are"— She raised her brows inquiringly.

"Cherry Malotte, of course."

"I remember. Mr. Marsh spoke of you."

"I am sorry."

"I beg your pardon?"

"I say I am sorry Mr. Marsh ever spoke of me."

Mildred smiled frigidly. "Evidently you do not like him."

"Nobody in Alaska likes him. Do you?"

"You see, I am not an Alaskan."

"Do you know that Mr. Marsh is to blame for all of Boyd's misfortunes?"

"Boyd's?"

"Yes, Boyd's, of course. Oh, let us not pretend. I call him by his first name. I think you ought to know the truth about this business, even if Boyd is too chivalrous to tell you."

"If Mr. Emerson blames any one but himself for his failure I am sure he would have told me."

"Then you don't know him."

"I never knew him to ask another to defend him."

"He never asked me to defend him. I merely thought that if you knew the truth you might help him."

"I? How?"

"It is for you to find a way. He has met with opposition and treachery at every step. I think it is time some one came to his aid."

"He has had your assistance at all times, has he not?"

"I have tried to help wherever I could, but—I haven't your power."

Mildred shrugged her shoulders. "You even went to Seattle to help him, did you not?"

"I went there on my own business."

"Why do you take such an interest in Mr. Emerson's affairs, may I ask?"

"It was I who induced him to take up this venture," said Cherry proudly. "I found him discouraged, ready to give up. I helped to put new heart into him. I have something at stake in the enterprise, too—but that's nothing. I hate to see a good man driven to the wall by a scoundrel like Marsh."

"Wait! There is something to be said on both sides. Mr. Marsh was magnanimous enough to overlook that attempt upon his life."

"What attempt?"

"You must have heard. He was wounded in the shoulder."

"Didn't Boyd tell you the truth about that?"

"He told me everything," said Mildred coldly. This woman's attitude was unbearable. It would seem that



"NOBODY IN ALASKA LIKES HIM. DO YOU?"

she even dared to criticise her, Mildred Wayland, for her treatment of Boyd.

"I shall ask him about it again this evening," she continued. "If there has really been persecution, as you suggest, I shall tell my father."

"You won't see Boyd this evening," said Cherry.

"Oh, yes, I shall."

"He is very busy, and—I don't think he can see you."

"You don't understand. I told him to come out to the yacht!" Mildred's temper rose at the light she saw in the other woman's face.

"But if he should disappoint you?" Cherry insisted. "Remember that the fish are running, and you have no time to lose if you are going to help."

Mildred tossed her head. "To be frank with you, I never liked this enterprise of Boyd's. Now that I have seen the place and the people—well, I can't say that I like it better."

"The country is a bit different, but the people are much the same in Kalvik and in Chicago. You will find unscrupulous men and unselfish women everywhere."

Mildred gave her a cool glance that took her in from head to foot.

"And vice versa, I dare say. You speak from a wider experience than I." With a careless nod she picked her way toward the launch, where her friends were already assembling. She was angry and suspicious. Her pride was hurt because she had not been able to feel superior to the other woman. Instead she had descended to the weak resource of innuendo, while Cherry had been simple and direct. She had expected to recognize instantly the type of person with whom she had to deal, but she found herself baffled. Who was this woman? What was she doing here? Why had Boyd never told her of this extraordinary intimacy? Boyd must either give up Cherry or—

During the talk between the two young women Constantine had kept at a respectful distance, but when Mildred had gone he came up to Cherry with the question:

"Who is that?"

"That is Miss Wayland. That is the richest girl in the world, Constantine."

"Humph!"

"And the pity of it is she doesn't understand how very rich she is. Her father owns all these canneries and many more besides and lots of railroads. But you don't know what a railroad is, do you?"

"Mebbe him rich as Mr. Marsh, eh?"

"A thousand time richer. Mr. Marsh works for him the way you work for me."

"She more han'somer than you be," he added with reluctant candor. "Mebbe that's he 'bout Mr. Marsh, eh? White men all work for Mr. Marsh. He no work for nobody."

"No; it is true. Mr. Marsh knows how rich she is, and that is why he wants to marry her."

The breed wheeled swiftly, his soft soles crunching the gravel.

"Mr. Marsh want marry her?" he repeated, as if doubting his ears.

"Yes. That is why he has fought Mr. Emerson. They both want to marry her. That is why Marsh broke Mr. Emerson's machinery and hired his men away from him and cut his nets. They hate each other. Do you understand?"

"Me savvy!" said Constantine shortly, then strode on beside the girl. "Me think all the time Mr. Emerson goin' marry you."

Cherry gasped. "No, no! Why, he is in love with Miss Wayland."

"S'pose he don' marry her?"

"Then Mr. Marsh will get her, I dare say."

After a moment Constantine announced with conviction. "I guess Mr. Marsh is bad man."

"I'm glad you have discovered that. He has even tried to kill Mr. Emerson. That shows the sort of man he is."

"It's good thing—get marry!" said Constantine vaguely. "The father say if woman don' marry she go to hell."

"I'd hate to think that," laughed the girl.

"That's true," the other affirmed stoutly. "The pries' he say so, and pries' don' lie. He say man takes a woman and don' get marry they both go to hell and burn forever. Bimeby little baby come, and he go to hell too."

"Oh, I understand! The father wants to make sure of his people, and he is quite right. You natives haven't observed the law very carefully."

"He say Indian woman stop with white man, she never see Jesus' house no more. She go to hell sure, and baby go too. You s'pose that's true?"

"I dare say it is, in a way."

"By gosh! That's tough on little baby!" exclaimed Constantine fervently.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

NORTH MAGNETIC POLE.

It Is Not a Stationary Point, but Is Constantly Shifting.

Only the experts understand that the north pole and the north magnetic pole are two entirely different things. As a matter of fact, there are few localities on the earth's surface where the compass points due north. The reason is because the north magnetic pole or area lies in the vicinity of King William's Land, just off the arctic coast of North America, in Bothnia. When this magnetic pole is between us and the north pole the compass points due north. As we go either east or west from this line it is easy to see that the compass is off to a certain degree. If we were to travel north of the magnetic pole the needle would point south; west of it the needle would point east. Sir James Ross in 1831 located the north magnetic pole approximately at a point up in Bothnia. In 1903 Captain Roald Amundsen in the ship Gjoa set out on a three years' expedition, relocated the magnetic pole and made the "northwest passage" for which mariners have striven since the days of Henry Hudson. Terrestrial magnetic force is different in every part of the earth's surface and is not always the same at a given point. It is subject to regular daily and yearly changes. Amundsen posted himself near the seat of the magnetic power and for nineteen months, day and night, with his party, took readings of their instruments, both inclination and declination. He also made short excursions into the region of the magnetic pole and was able by the aid of the declination observations to prove that the magnetic north pole does not have a stationary situation, but is continually moving. But the general location is where Sir James Ross first had the honor to place it.—Chicago Tribune.

BUSINESS LETTERS.

Write to a Man Just as You Would Talk to Him at Your Desk.

Business letter writing is no longer merely "correspondence," but "literature," and the correspondent who formerly wasted his precious breath on such inanities as "Yours received and contents duly noted" is now relegated to the "old school" class, and unless he is willing to adopt the new rules of letter writing he is likely to change not only his position, but find it necessary to change his vocation as well.

The up to date business man does not waste time indulging in the preliminaries of "I beg to acknowledge receipt" or "In reply would say," but goes straight to the subject at issue firmly, without frills, even eliminating the time worn advice, "Awaiting your early reply," and closing without the absurdity of "Begging to remain."

"Write to a man exactly as you would talk to him if he were sitting at your desk," is the maxim of one of the best authorities on letter writing in Chicago. By eliminating useless phrases having no bearing on the subject the business man not only saves his own time in dictating, but that of his stenographer in transcribing the notes. By the old method of letter writing the opening and closing of letters contained almost five lines of useless "form" matter which would average on 100 letters just 500 lines of superfluous effort.—Chicago Tribune.

A Pleasant Farewell.

A local minister had had a serious time in fighting the saloon element in his own town and had not been backed up in his efforts by the members of his own church. This, with other troubles, had led to his resignation, and in announcing his departure at his farewell sermon he said: "I am going to do something the devil has never done. I am going to leave O."—Argonaut.

LIFE IN NEW YORK

How It May Run In a Deep Rut In the Matter of Locality.

LAMENT OF A MAN WHO MOVED

The Homesickness That Came With Working Uptown After Twenty Years of Routine Travel to and From and In the Downtown District.

There are thousands and thousands of men in New York city whose business has been confined to one district for twenty years or more, whose daily routine seldom fluctuates, who are punctual in traveling by a certain train every day in the week, who reach their offices, barring tie-ups, at a regular hour and take up their daily grind and hold to it until the hour of closing.

Many of these men unconsciously get to know and make friends of people whose names they never learn. They become attached to localities in a strange sort of way and do not realize how strong is the attachment. Here is the story of one of them into whose life there has come a change through moving that startles and surprises him and throws a quaint light upon some of the city's people.

"In the twenty years that I was downtown," the man said in telling his experience, "I was in the habit, weather permitting, of taking a walk after the luncheon hour every day in some street between City Hall and the Battery. I have footed every bit of unbuilt ground in that territory. What marvelous changes have come in those twenty years! How many signs on buildings have changed in that time! How many houses have been pulled down! How many new ones have gone up, some of them towering skyward, to take the places of the landmarks?

"I got to know the lower end of town so well I could shut my eyes and make a mental picture of many of the blocks and see the names on the buildings. If I wanted any article, from shoelaces to anything elaborate, I knew exactly where to get them. If some particular dish were desired I knew where it could be served and just what it would cost.

"A great city never stands still. It is as restless as the great deep. But the man who becomes a part of it does not think until he gets away from the part of it where he has done business what the changes are. When I began my strolls there were no tunnels under the two rivers. In the years that have drifted away great bridges have been constructed between Manhattan and Long Island. It does not seem long since I used to hear the restless puff of the coal fed locomotives of the elevated system, yet so gradually did the old order pass that I do not distinctly recall when the present system was installed.

"The changes that took place in business firms were interesting. Many, many times I have seen the name of the man who established a trade taken down and that of his son or sons take its place. So frequently were the same people met in the same place and at the same hour that we nodded as we passed, although none of us knew the name of the nodder.

"Not long ago the business with which I am connected made a jump uptown. Never until I took my trains uptown had I any occasion to walk in the street where our new building stands. The first day I went out to luncheon I had to search for a restaurant. It seemed odd. I saw people I never saw before. I read signs—one of my fool habits—I never read before. Many of the vehicles that passed were quite unlike those I used to see downtown.

"I had to change my hour and route for coming to business. For awhile I had to watch the street signs to know where to get off. How I missed the familiar call of the guard of the car—for I always came down in the same car in the makeup of the elevated train—the one I always boarded at the same hour.

"And that makes me think. I came to know by their faces most of the passengers who boarded that train at my station. I knew where most of them got off. Now that I am in new quarters in a new section I miss all these people with whom I traveled for years. Do they miss me, I wonder?

"And the many whom I came to know downtown—how they will be missed! There is the old street preacher who used to stand on a soap box near Wall street or on the stone steps of the custom house and talk to people in the summer days and again in the days that betokened the coming of autumn. Then there were the Lenten days when I spent a part of my hour at Trinity or in old St. Paul's. I came to know the regular attendants on those services so that the strangers became conspicuous. There are no street preachers in the new district to which I have gone. I wonder why the middle district of the great city doesn't need spiritual direction as well as the downtown districts.

"And so it seems sometimes that I am in a new town, among new people, seeing new buildings, reading new signs, hearing new voices, but all in the same old New York. And when I think of the old walks I have taken downtown, the old buildings that I passed so often that they became as familiar as the faces I met and never knew by name, of the strolls along the two rivers, of the craft I saw so often coming and going—when I think of all these there comes over me that sort of feeling that a boy has when he misses his mother. I think it is called homesickness."—New York Press.

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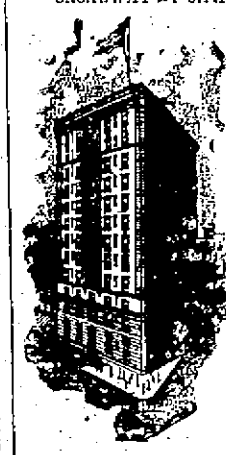
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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

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Saturday, December 24, 1910.

The large cities of the country contain 28,500,000 of the 92,000,000 of population in this country.

President Taft is to press the matter of fortifying the Panama Canal. He hopes to get such a bill through Congress at this session.

Along with the other information in President Taft's message comes the statement that the Kingdom of Montenegro has a governing board known as the National Skoupchtina.

Ex-Senator Peffer's Populistic views were once the sport of the paragraphers, as his whiskers were the sport of the breeze. But Senator Peffer's wildest wagaries now seem tame and commonplace to an insurgent.

The general opinion seems to prevail in Washington that the next House of Representatives will consist of four hundred and forty members. If that number is agreed upon, Rhode Island for the first time in her history will have three members.

The estimates of expenses of the various executive departments for the fiscal year 1912, which were submitted to Congress by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh, amount to $748,414,861. The largest item is that for the War Department, amounting to $205,257,646.

The Government wants to build two new revenue cutters, but every shipyard in the country has refused to bid on the contracts, owing to the fact that the government requires them to be built with eight-hour labor. It is quite probable that the ships may have to be built at Government yards.

Dr. Cook has at last consented to come again into the limelight. He arrived in New York on Thursday. He makes a confession by which he says he is not sure he discovered the North Pole, but still thinks he did. But whether he did or not he is sure he climbed Mount McKinley.

The horse appears to be holding his own against the automobile if we judge from the figures showing that the value of the oat crop this year is $385,000,000, and that the hay crop is worth more than the wheat crop this year by nearly $100,000,000. And the price of good horseflesh itself is high enough to be a high sign that it is here to stay.

The committee of the U. S. House of Representatives to whom was referred the bill for an appropriation of $250,000 for a memorial to Commodore Perry and the men who fought the Battle of Lake Erie, reported unanimously on Tuesday of this week. It is the general opinion that the bill will pass both Houses at this session and without any serious opposition.

A caucus of the Republican members of the Rhode Island House of Representatives has been called for Friday, December 30th, when action will be taken on a candidate for Speaker, clerks and other officers that may be required in organization of the House. There will probably be no action taken on the question of the United States Senatorship, The election of a Senator does not come off until January 17th, so there will be plenty of time to consider that question after the General Assembly meets.

The Pawtucket Gazette and Chronicle has reached the respectable age of 85 years, having been born in 1825. It has just celebrated its 85th birthday by getting out a 24-page paper highly illustrated with portraits of the present and past prominent men of that thriving city. The Chronicle has always been a good paper, well managed and well filled with local and State news. As an older brother, old enough in fact to be its great-grandfather, the MERCURY wishes its younger contemporary the greatest prosperity.

The original plan of certain Democratic leaders to hold a party conference at Baltimore having been abandoned upon the refusal of Clark and others to indorse any clique of the party, the suggestion was made by Clark that instead a general celebration of Jackson Day, January 17, be arranged in that city to which representative members of the party from all parts of the country be invited. The understanding is that no resolutions are to be adopted and no action taken that would be construed as a boom for any individual leader. The Democrats seemed to have learned caution in the last few years.

The Postmaster General is going to open his pet postal savings bank scheme on January 3rd. At that time he hopes to have one bank at least open in each State. In New England it has not been easy to find postoffices that cared to go into the business. The only one in Rhode Island is at Bristol. Postmasters from all the cities that are to do the savings bank business are to be summoned to New York for a course of instruction in this method of banking. The postoffices in New England that have thus far been selected are Bristol, R. I., Ansonia, Conn., Rumford, Maine, Norwood, Mass., Berlin, N. H., and Montpelier, Vt.

WASHINGTON MATTERS.

Much Discussion of Tariff Matters Among Congressmen—Lobbying to Secure the Panama Exposition—Andrew Carnegie Separates Himself from a few more Dollars—Notes.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Dec. 16, 1910.

The events of the week in Congress have been full of interest and there are indications pointing to what the national Legislature may be able to accomplish during the present short session. Among the most interesting is an apparent agreement between the insurgents and the regulars in the Senate on the tariff question, relating particularly to the consideration of special subjects, as for example, the woolen schedule, the cotton schedule, lumber, coal, etc., separately and without consideration of the tariff question as a whole. There is also, apparently a much closer agreement in Congress with reference to the support of a bona fide tariff commission for a thorough and honest investigation and report upon this question.

The capital of the United States is, as is usual during the Congressional session, the arena of conventions, or the stage from which great enterprises are launched. What could be grander than the proposed national park to extend from Baltimore to Washington and to include two hundred thousand acres of forest, hill and dale? It is estimated that the cost will be six millions of dollars. The two cities are practically forty miles apart, but they are connected be two steam roads, two electric roads and by a boulevard almost completed, over which automobiles pass in less than an hour.

There is much lobbying in Congress by two provincial cities, New Orleans and San Francisco, to have Congress appropriate for an International Exposition in celebration of the completion of the Panama Canal. Both of these cities are, as it were, on the "jumping off" places of the country, one on the Gulf's edge and the other on the Pacific, both of them remote from centers of population; and while they claim that they do not want financial assistance, but only national recognition, everyone knows what that means in the beginning. The proper situation for a national Exposition in celebration of so great an event, should be at the capital of the country. There is now no city in this hemisphere better adapted to an International Exposition than Washington, D. C. The Potomac Park is practically within the center of the city, easily accessible to every part of it, and Washington is within five hours of New York, three hours of Philadelphia, forty-five minutes from Baltimore, and within twenty-four hours of Chicago, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Louisville, Atlanta, and all intermediate places.

Andrew Carnegie, whose benefactions amount now to 180 millions of dollars, has just added a donation of ten million of dollars for the promotion of peace throughout the world. The nations will continue to build battleships and levy armies, but it is impossible that a donation so munificent shall not have the influence of its inspiration. The Secretary of War has just returned from a trip around the world and has startled Congress by a confidential document sent to the House of Representatives stating that this country is unfit for war, lacking the right kind of men, guns, ammunition and fortifications. This confidential report is said to be sensational in its details. In view of Mr. Carnegie's ten millions dollar donation to the cause of peace, this report from the Secretary of War is peculiarly clashing.

Representative Hobson of Alabama, he who sank the old ship in the harbor entrance at Santiago, has introduced a bill in Congress for the appointment of a Board of National Defense, the object of which is to secure co-operation between the executive and legislative branches of the government with a view to harmony in a defensive policy. By the terms of the bill the War Secretary is to be president of the council, and the other members the Secretary of the Navy, the Chairman of the House Military and Naval Affairs, and also the Senate and House Finance Committees.

Mr. Carnegie bravely continues his fight against dying rich but the odds are against him.

Mr. Rockefeller's proposed foundation gift of more than $100,000,000 is again before Congress which seems to be appalled at the immensity of the benefaction and afraid it may have a flare back.

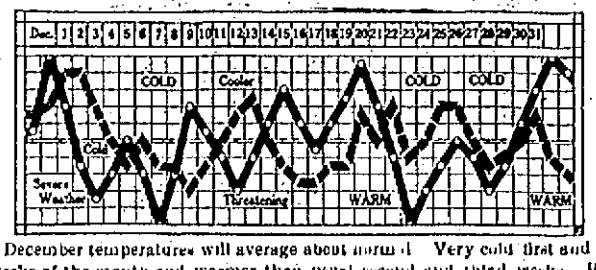
Value of Farm Products.

That "nothing short of omniscience can grasp the value of farm products of this year" is the way Secretary of Agriculture Wilson expresses his feelings when in his annual report, published recently, he estimates the value at $8,928,000,000. The corn crop of 3,121,381,000 bushels exceeds that of the record year of 1906 and is 14 per cent larger than the average for the last five years, but is slightly under the totals of 1908 and 1909. In dollars its value is about $1,500,000,000. The South now produces a third of this crop. The cotton crop has a farm value this year of $900,000,000, or 13 per cent above the five-year average. The year's hay is worth $720,000,000, also 18 per cent above the average. The production of spring and winter wheat amounts to 681,767,000 bushels, or about the five-year average, but its value is 7.6 above average, or $625,000,000. Oats is the fifth in point of value, or $380,000,000, 12 per cent above average. Next in line ranks the potato, preliminary estimates which place the crop at 328,787,000 bushels, or 8 per cent above average. Beet sugar values up to $51,000,000, which, with the cane sugar crop adds up a total of $97,000,000. Tobacco is 26 per cent above average, or 287,150,000 pounds, valued at $95,000,000. Barley is a little off average, but its value is higher with the total of $27,000,000. Flax-seed runs up to $33,000,000, exceeded only in 1909; rye to $23,000,000; rice to $16,000,000 for a billion-pound crop, 25 per cent above average. Hops went 13 per cent below average. As a remedy for the high cost of living, Farmer Wilson suggests that consumers organize to buy direct from the farmers.

Mr. Edward Wyman Higbee, Jr., is at home from Dartmouth for the holidays.

Patrolman Freeborn Coggeshall is again on duty after being off for several days on account of sickness.

WEATHER BULLETIN.



December temperatures will average about normal. Very cold first and fourth weeks of the month and warmer than usual second and third weeks. Rainfall will be above normal in New England States, the Ohio valleys and the Great Lakes and the lower Mississippi valley. Elsewhere from about to much below normal rainfall. Dry in Eastern States south of Pennsylvania and in Cuba.

In above chart the treble line represents normal temperatures and rainfall. The heavy line with round white spots is temperature forecasts. Where it goes above treble line temperatures are expected to be higher. Where it goes below treble line temperatures will be lower. The broken zigzag line is rainfall forecast. As it goes higher indicates greater probability of rain and where it goes lower the reverse

Copyrighted 1910, By W. T. Foster.

Washington D. C. Dec. 22, 1910

Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent Dec. 28 to Jan. 2, warm wave 27 to Jan. 1, cool wave 31 to Jan. 4. This will bring a week of severe winter storms and various weather extremes. Jupiter, Mars Venus, Mercury and Saturn will all take part in bombarding this little old earth of ours with their electric guns. The cross continent storm wave mentioned above will be exceedingly severe in parts of the country and I advise all who must be out in the weather to keep well informed by newspaper reports as to this very severe storm wave. Many parts of the earth will be afflicted by severe storms at the same time. Our Atlantic and Pacific coasts will be swept by severe storms at the same time and a great cold wave will be passing through the interior.

Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Jan. 2, cross Pacific slope by close of 3; great central valleys 4 to 6, eastern sections 7. Warm wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 2, great central valleys 4, eastern sections 6. Cool wave will cross Pacific slope about Jan. 5, great central valleys 7, eastern sections 9.

This disturbance will have two notable features for the continent. It will cause very severe storms on the Pacific coasts and very high temperatures on mid-continent. After reaching great central valleys it will lose force and east of meridian 90 it will again become a fierce disturbance not far from Jan. 7. About Jan. 8 to 10 this will be a radical storm on the northern Atlantic steamship line to Europe.

January promises high temperatures first ten days and a week of high temperatures centering on Dec. 28. Another week centering on Jan. 15 and another cold week centering on 30. The week centering on Dec. 31 will be cold. At the west of meridian 87 Jan. will average unusually cold; also cold in Michigan and middle Ontario. East of a line drawn from New Orleans to Toledo thence north along meridian 83 Jan. will be unusually warm. The month will also average unusually warm on Pacific slope. Indications are that coldest sections for Jan. will be in the Mississippi and Missouri valleys north of Memphis.

North of Cairo, in Texas, Oklahoma and about the great lakes dry weather will prevail. Heavy rains are expected in the Ohio valleys and eastward to Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia. Rather dry in New England states, Florida, South Carolina and Cuba. Less than the usual rain in Canada east of the Rockies.

I have a New Year's present for every subscriber of this paper. I have procured a photo-engravure of myself, together with my autograph, for that purpose. Those accepting will please enclose two cent stamp to pay postage.

January weather indicates that a larger than usual amount of feed will be necessary for live stock. It also indicates considerable freezing and thawing from Dayton Ohio northeastward into Canada, therefore not good for winter grain. It indicates dry weather for west of meridian 87, not much snow, leaving much of the winter grain sections too dry at the beginning of Feb. Warm and dry in Florida and Cuba will be important to southern fruit growers, truck farmers and gardeners.

Small sunspots may be seen on Jan. 10 near center of the sun. You will probably not be able to see them through your opera glasses unless they are more powerful than usual. Look for very bright spots, and very dark spots, comparatively, and when you find one look 20 degrees away from the other. The sun's face covers 180 degrees. The outer edges of the sun are 90 degrees from its center as you look straight at the sun. Keep these facts in mind and you can better locate the sunspots. Not every sunspot has relation to effects on our earth but probably more than one-half do.

Of all scientific questions probably sunspots must be counted among the most interesting. I propose to solve the question of sunspots and their relation to our weather. They may have effects on animal life and the human race and if so younger men must wrestle with that problem.

Little Bob (just started in school)—Uncle Harry, what is the bird with the biggest bill? Uncle Harry (who is still thinking of the night before)—A quail, my boy; a quail—on toast.—Judge.

Hewitt—She is a man in her enjoyment of baseball.

Jewett—But she showed that she is still a woman by refusing to sit through the thirteenth inning.

Deaths.

In this city, Dec. 20, at her residence, 33 Willow Street, Mary, widow of James Williams, aged 80 years.

At "Wallum Lake," 20th inst., Lucretia C., wife of Samuel S. Thompson, aged 49 years.

In this city, at his residence, "Greystone," Dec. 21, John J. Wysong.

Suddenly, in this city, Dec. 21, Patrick, son of Patrick and the late Ellen Harrington, aged 50 years.

In this city, Dec. 22, at the residence of his mother, 22 Burnside avenue, James, son of Nora and the late James Murphy.

At Stafford, Conn., Dec. 20, George W. Ellery, youngest son of the late George Wanton and Mary Goddard Ellery.

HOUSES, SITES AND FARMS

Persons living in other States, away from Newport and wishing information for themselves or friends regarding Tenements, Houses, furnished and unfurnished, and Farms or Sites for building, can ascertain what they want by writing to

A. O'D. TAYLOR,

REAL ESTATE AGENT,

132 Bellevue Avenue Newport, R. I.

Mr. Taylor's Agency was established in 1867.

He is a Commissioner of Deeds for the principal States and Notary Public.

He has a Branch Office open all summer in Jamestown, for Summer Villas and Country places.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price.

MIDDLETOWN.

The regular meeting of Newport County Pomona Grange, No. 4, Patrons of Husbandry, was held on Tuesday with Portsmouth Grange at the County Farm Hall, East Main road. The morning session opened at 11 o'clock, Worthy Master Joseph A. Peckham of Middletown, presiding. The five granges of the county, Conanicut Grange, Jamestown; Aquidneck Grange, Middletown; Portsmouth Grange, Nonquit Grange, Tiverton, and Little Compton Grange, are holding regular meetings and finances are in good condition. The Master gave an interesting account of the meeting of the National Grange at Atlantic City, N. J., and various reports were presented of the sessions of the State Grange held last week at Barrington. Many matters pertaining to grange advancement were discussed and action was taken upon the numerous articles printed in the New England Homestead the past few months derogatory to the integrity of the present State Master, Frank E. Marchant of West Kingston, who has served the State the past 7 years in a most faithful and conscientious manner. A committee was appointed to draw up resolutions condemning the stand taken by the New England Homestead and suggesting that no agricultural paper should print any articles detrimental to the Grange or any of its members without due investigation. The committee comprised Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman of Middletown, chairman, a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and chairman of the Executive Committee of the State Grange, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox of Tiverton and Master-elect Warren R. Sherman of Portsmouth Grange. The Grange was unanimous in its decision to withdraw their support individually and as an order, of the New England Homestead or any other paper which attempts to slander the organization, its officers or members. A chowder dinner was served at noon by Portsmouth Grange. Upon the resuming of the afternoon session at 1.45, the grange proceeded to elect its officers for the new year, this being the annual meeting. The election resulted as follows: Worthy Master, George Howland of Jamestown; Overseer, Mrs. Helen A. Wilcox, Tiverton; Lecturer, Mrs. Wm. M. Hughes, Portsmouth (a member of Aquidneck Grange, Middletown); Steward, George H. Simmons, Little Compton; Assistant Steward, Wm. Frank Carr, Portsmouth; Chaplain, Mrs Elisha C. Peckham, Middletown; Treasurer Horace L. Almy, Tiverton; Secretary, Wm J. O. Young, Newport, Aquidneck Grange, Middletown; Gate Keeper, Thomas G. Carr, Jamestown; Ceres, Mrs. Joseph A. Peckham, Middletown; Flora, Mrs. Gertrude Sisson Corey, Tiverton; Pomona, Mrs. Warren R. Sherman, Portsmouth; Lady Assistant Steward, Mrs. George H. Simmons, Little Compton. Mr. I. Lincoln Sherman was elected as a third member of the Executive committee for three years to serve with William Potter and Charles H. Ward. The installation will take place in February at Nonquit Grange, Tiverton, Past Deputy F. W. C. Almy of Tiverton acting as installing officer. The Lecturer, Mrs. Hughes, conducted a brief program upon Christmas, including readings by members and vocal music by Mr. Myron F. Corey of Tiverton.

The Oliphant and Witherbee Schools held Christmas exercises on Thursday, a play entitled "A Mother Goose Christmas Party," being presented at the Oliphant with neat programs printed and drawn by the children for each guest, and ushers to seat the company being in attendance. On Friday the Paradise, Peabody and Wyatt schools held exercises and the Witherbee spent the afternoon in games and a social time with refreshments especially for the children. The schools closed Friday to re-open January 3d.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

STATE RETURNING BOARD

Official Count of the Votes Cast at the Election Held on Tuesday, November 8, A. D. 1910.

We hereby announce that we have counted the votes cast in the State at the election held on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, A. D. 1910, for the candidates for Representatives in Congress, General Officers and Senators and Representatives in the General Assembly, and find we find

That the total number of votes cast in the State for the candidates for GOVERNOR is 67,822, of which number 33,640 are for Aram J. Pothier of Woonsocket, 32,130 are for Lewis A. Waterman of Providence, 921 are for Nathaniel C. Greene of Warwick and 631 are for Thomas F. Herrick of Pawtucket.

That the total number of votes cast in the State for the candidates for LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR is 66,255, of which number 35,554 are for Zenas W. Bliss of Cranston, 29,877 are for Philip E. Clarke of Newport, 1019 are for William W. Estes of Providence and 705 are for Richard Rolland of Providence.

That the total number of votes cast in the State for the candidates for SECRETARY OF STATE is 66,015, of which number 36,218 are for J. Fred Parker of Providence, 28,130 are for Albert A. Arnold, Attorney of Warwick, 1300 are for Ernest L. Merry of Pawtucket and 767 are for Augustus Martin of Pawtucket.

That the total number of votes cast in the State for the candidates for ATTORNEY GENERAL is 66,322, of which number 36,672 are for William B. Greenough of Providence, 27,861 are for John L. Devlin of Providence, 1077 are for Thomas H. Peabody of Westerly and 712 are for Peter Metermott of Providence.

That the total number of votes cast in the State for the candidates for GENERAL TREASURER is 65,907, of which number 37,078 are for Walter A. Read of Glocester, 27,171 are for Frederick D. Babcock of Westerly, 977 are for William G. Lawton of Cranston and 681 are for Bernard J. Murray of Providence.

That the total number of votes for the candidates for REPRESENTATIVE in CONGRESS cast in the First Congressional District of the State is 34,178, of which 17,592 are for George F. O'Shaunessy of Providence, 15,681 are for William Paine Sheffield of Newport, 629 are for Stanley Curtis of East Providence and 181 are for Richard R. Macomber of Portsmouth.

That the total number of votes for the candidates for REPRESENTATIVE in CONGRESS cast in the Second Congressional District of the State is 34,179, of which number 18,988 are for George H. Utter of Westerly, 13,750 are for Thomas F. Cooney of Cranston and 442 are for Bernon E. Horne of South Kingstown.

WE THEREFORE DECLARE

That ARAM J. POTHIER of Woonsocket is elected GOVERNOR.

That ZENAS W. BLISS of Cranston is elected LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.

That J. FRED PARKER of Providence is elected SECRETARY OF STATE.

That WILLIAM B. GREENOUGH of Providence is elected ATTORNEY GENERAL, and

That WALTER A. READ of Glocester is elected GENERAL TREASURER.

Each to hold all of respective office for the term of one year from the first Tuesday in January next ensuing, and until his successor is elected and qualified.

That GEORGE F. O'SHAUNESSY of Providence is elected a REPRESENTATIVE in the Sixty second CONGRESS of the UNITED STATES from the First Congressional District of the State.

That GEORGE H. UTTER of Westerly is elected a REPRESENTATIVE in the Sixty-second CONGRESS of the UNITED STATES from the Second Congressional District of the State.

And as the result of our count of the votes cast in the several towns and cities of the State at said election for the candidates for Senators and for Representatives in the General Assembly

WE FIND AND DECLARE

That each of the following persons is elected a SENATOR in the GENERAL ASSEMBLY for the term of one year from the first Tuesday in January next ensuing, and until his successor is elected and qualified:

SENATORS.

From Barrington—Ebenezer Tiffany.
From Bristol—Ezra Dixon.
From Burrillville—Albert H. Sayles.
From Central Falls—Joseph E. V. Mathieu.
From Charlestown—Milton Duckworth.
From Coventry—Edward E. Arnold.
From Cranston—Edwin B. Pierce.
From Cumberland—Thomas McKenna.
From East Greenwich—Thomas H. Galvin.
From East Providence—Arthur P. Johnson.
From Exeter—Rhea Slocum.
From Foster—Stanton A. Winsor.
From Glocester—Robert H. Wade.
From Hopkinton—Edwin J. Knorr.
From Jamestown—Isaac H. Clarke.
From Johnston—James A. Dame.
From Lincoln—Joseph Quarmby.
From Little Compton—Philip H. Wilbour.
From Middletown—Charles H. Ward.
From Narragansett—Joseph L. Deuley.
From Newport—John P. Sanborn.
From New Shoreham—Christopher E. Champlin.
From North Kingstown—Joseph E. Smith.
From North Providence—Herbert Swallow.
From North Smithfield—Edward Atchison.
From Portsmouth—George T. Gorton.
From Prudence Is.—Henry C. Anthony.
From Providence—Addison P. Munroe.
From Richmond—John W. Collins.
From Scituate—John W. Bowen, Jr.
From Smithfield—Franklin S. Colwell.
From South Kingstown—Sumner Mowry.
From Tiverton—George R. Lawton.
From Warren—Charles W. Greene.
From Warwick—Walter A. Bowen.
From Westerly—Louis W. Arnold.
From West Greenwich—Leon D. Andrews.
From Woonsocket—Oscar A. Bennett.

And that each of the following persons is elected a REPRESENTATIVE in the GENERAL ASSEMBLY for the term of one year from the first Tuesday in January next ensuing, and until his successor is elected and qualified:

REPRESENTATIVES.

From Barrington—Frederick S. Peck.
From Bristol—First District, Frank H. Hammatt; Second District, William H. Thayer.
From Burrillville—First District, Durwood D. Bailey; Second District, Adolphe Plouffe.
From Central Falls—First District, Sylvester B. Allcox; Second District, Eugene T. Hinn; Third District, Fred H. Jones; Fourth District, Patrick Layon; Fifth District, John J. Berry.
From Charlestown—Orrin Arnold.
From Coventry—Irving P. Hudson.
From Cranston—First District, Thomas H. Rhodes, Jr.; Second District, Joseph L. Sanders; Third District, Henry N. Francis; Fourth District, George Hawksley.
From Cumberland—First District, Henry J. McVey; Second District, Alexander Marshall.
From East Greenwich—George R. Hanaford.
From East Providence—First District, William C. Bliss; Second District, Joseph W. Sampson; Third District, Walter S. Balcom.
From Exeter—Z. Herbert Gardner.
From Foster—Elmer Hopkins.
From Glocester—Frank F. Davis
From Hopkinton—Silas R. Richmond.
From Jamestown—Alton Head.
From Johnston—Jacob B. W. Wilder.
From Lincoln—First District, Frank X. Rogers; Second District, Caleb Parkinson.
From Little Compton—Roswell B. Burchard.
From Middletown—Joel Peckham.
From Narragansett—Frank L. Caswell.
From Newport—First District, Fletcher W. Lawton; Second District, Horace N. Hassard; Third District, Robert S. Franklin; Fourth District, R. Livingston Beeckman; Fifth District, John B. Sullivan.
From New Shoreham—Henry K. Littlefield.
From North Kingstown—George C. Cranston.
From North Providence—Fred A. Sweet.
From North Smithfield—Edward B. Esty.
From Pawtucket—First District, William R. Fortin; Second District, Alvin C. Cash; Third District, Carl Wendel; Fourth District, James Linton; Fifth District, Moses F. Whipple; Sixth District; Charles E. Thurber; Seventh District, John R. Marsh; Eighth District, Joseph S. Gendron; Ninth District, Peter J. Quinn; Tenth District, Joseph A. Hughes.
From Portsmouth—John T. Gardner.
From Providence—First District, John F. Kering; Second District, George T. Marsh; Third District, Henry F. Baldwin; Fourth District, James B. Littlefield; Fifth District, John J. Richards; Sixth District, Thomas J. O'Neil; Seventh District, Jacob A. Eaton; Eighth District, Albert B. West; Ninth District, John T. Cooney; Tenth District, Abram L. Atwood; Eleventh District, Robert F. Carroll; Twelfth District, Thomas J. Mathews; Thirteenth District, Frank A. Maivaney; Fourteenth District, John P. Fennessy; Fifteenth District, Charles N. Richardson; Sixteenth District, William A. Shawcross; Seventeenth District, Adamo R. Alello; Eighteenth District, Edgar A. Mowry; Nineteenth District, Arthur S. Vaughn; Twentieth District, George B. Clegg; Twenty-first District, Harry Cutler; Twenty-second District, George Robinson; Twenty-third District, William F. Carroll; Twenty-fourth District, Daniel A. Colton; Twenty-fifth District, Clarence H. Greene.
From Richmond—Stephen B. Wells.
From Scituate—Henry H. Potter.
From Smithfield—Franklin P. Harris.
From South Kingstown—Edmund Walker.
From Tiverton—Henry C. Wilcox.
From Warren—Theodule G. Morrisseau.
From Warwick—First District, Walter O. Gardner; Second District, Gideon Spencer; Third District, Frederick B. Tew; Fourth District, William E. Reddy; Fifth District, George B. Waterhouse.
From Westerly—First District, Joseph T. Murphy; Second District, Albert H. Langworthy.
From West Greenwich—Byron L. Matteson.
From Woonsocket—First District, John O. Cosseboom; Second District, Harry E. Davis; Third District, Francis M. Lally; Fourth District, Timothy S. Quinn; Fifth District, Ambrose Kennedy; Sixth District, Jean B. Leclerc; Seventh District, Paul St. Jacques; Eighth District, Emile E. Lussier.

In Attestation Whereof We have hereunto set our hands and caused our seal to be affixed in the city of Providence this fifteenth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and ten.

ARTHUR S. FITZ,
JOSEPH F. COLE,
GEORGE R. LAWTON,
CHARLES H. HANDY,
C. CLARENCE MAXSON,
State Returning Board.

12-24-1w

The Christmas Spirit.

It often happens that the festival of Christmas has its most direct significance to us only at the extreme periods of our lives—when we are children and when we are aged.

To the child it holds a sense of delight that no other day possesses. It is the one day of the year in the mind of the child when is distinctively its own. And when the mysterious charm of myth and legend has gone, though an interest in the day remains, the delight is never again the same.

In the one case it is Christmas in the delicious perspective—in the other it is the day in the quiet retrospection. Too often it happens, once the children are grown and gone from the paternal roof, the Christmas is all too apt to go with them. Particularly is this true when the children marry and find their homes in other cities, and leave the parents in the old home. No sadder time comes into the life of a man or woman than when the Christmas spirit is permitted to be regarded as a thing only of the past. The day loses its delights, and its coming is deprived of all its beautiful significance. Surely if there are no children in our homes their absence should recall rather than allow us to forget the children in other homes, who may be made happy. In such remembrance there may yet be happiness for many who now allow the holiday to pass with no touch of the Christmas spirit.

If ever a day was given to us wherein to be happy and in which to add to the happiness of others it is Christmas day! It should be as fully freighted with happy moments and pleasant deeds as we can make them—happy moments for ourselves; pleasant deeds for others. No span of years can be bright which allows the Christmas spirit to be dormant between childhood and old age. It is the Christmas of the present that we should enjoy and make bright. We must not allow ourselves to forget the true meaning of the Christmas spirit. It will bring happiness to us just in proportion as we bring happiness to others.

To some the day will this year bring other than happy thoughts or memories. Sorrows are harder to bear on festal days than at any other time. But no sorrow should crush the Christmas spirit from our hearts. It is not in the amount that we do, or are able to do, that we shall find happiness for ourselves and for others. The simplest pleasures and acts oftimes make the hearts of others overflow with happiness. To fail to do something because you feel you cannot do much is wrong. What seems ever so trifling to you may make some little heart sing all the day long, which but for you might pass the day without a note of happiness. Don't grow impatient of the Christmas myth or legend. Keep it alive. God knows that we have few enough ideals in these iconoclastic days of ours. Let us not disturb our Christmas traditions. It is a duty to ourselves to keep this day as unlike any other as we can. And we can only do this by fanning into flame the smoldering embers of the Christmas spirit which is in every one of us.

The Christ Child implanted it there. It was good that we should have it or Bethlehem's angels would not have sung their blessed message, "Peace on earth; good will toward men." In childhood the fire burned brightly enough within our hearts. In old age the light of Christmas should reflect in our faces and our natures. But in the meantime we must keep the spirit alive so that it may glow the warmer and softer in old age. Let us have an old-time "Merry Christmas" this year—a real old-fashioned, happy one. Let us make everybody forget there is anything in the world but good fellowship and happy laughter.

DECEMBER 1910		STANDARD TIME				
		Sun rises	Sun sets	Moon sets	High water Morn	High water Eve
24	Sat	7 22	4 37	0 40	1 03	1 29
25	Sun	7 22	4 38	1 41	2 05	3 19
26	Mon	7 22	4 38	2 41	2 58	3 13
27	Tues	7 23	4 39	3 42	3 49	4 13
28	Wed	7 24	4 40	4 41	4 35	5 07
29	Thur	7 24	4 41	5 45	5 19	5 41
30	Frid	7 24	4 41	6 45	6 00	6 28

New Moon, 28th day, 4h. 11m., evening
First Quarter 9th day, 5h. 29m evening
Full Moon 15th day, 5h. 5 m. morning
Last Quarter, 24th day, 11h., 31m., morning

Lincoln With His Children.

It was a frequent custom of Lincoln this of carrying his children on his shoulder. He rarely went down street that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father and the species of tyranny they exercised over him are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, told one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children crying, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were wailing aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked.

"Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. I've got three walnuts and each wants two."—From Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln."

This country's crop of corn, oats, wheat, barley and potatoes amounts to 5,275,000,000 bushels for the year, but pessimistic people will complain because there has been a small yield of chokecherries.

And you gave the giraffe only one lump of sugar?" asked the little boy at the zoo.

"Oh, yes," replied the keeper; "one lump goes a long way with him."

Townsend—Where did you first land when you attempted to sail your airship from Boston to New York

Titusburg—In Boston.

HOLIDAY TIME FIRE HORROR

Chief and Twenty-Four of His Men Killed in Chicago

AN EXPANSION OF COLD AIR

Causes Wall of Warehouse in Stockyards to Collapse, Burying Men in Ruins—Fourteen Dead in Philadelphia Fire—One Man Saved After Being Pinned in Ice-Bound Ruins For Thirteen Hours

Chicago, Dec. 23.—Fire Chief James Horan, Assistant Chief William J. Burroughs and twenty-three men were killed under falling walls in a million dollar fire at the stockyards plant of Morris & Co.

Fifteen firemen were seriously injured, including two captains, who may die.

Mayor Busse spent ten hours personally directing the search for the body of Horan, who had been a lifelong friend. The chief's body was recovered late last night, after a railroad wrecking train with derricks and steam shovels had been used to clear away the burning ruins. The bodies of nineteen men have been found.

The fire broke out afresh at 8 o'clock last night, after it had taxed the strength of the fire department for sixteen hours.

Acting Chief Seyferlich sent a general call to outlying stations for fresh men. These, aided by police reserves, continued the fight and the search for bodies of the dead.

Insurance men said that the killing of the chief and his men was not due to an ammonia tank explosion, as first supposed, but to the expansion of cold air in the beef warehouse, due to the heat from the fire. This, it is said, forced the four-story wall to give way and collapse. The force behind the wall was as strong as if an explosion had occurred.

Apparently maddened by the death of their chief, who was popular in the department, firemen threw themselves recklessly into the work of clearing away the fallen wall. More than fifty men dropped from exhaustion, and were carried back from the intense heat of the burning warehouse.

Despite the work of many engine crews the fire continued to burn stubbornly and still burns.

Not since the days of the Iroquois theatre tragedy, which, like the disaster of yesterday, was a holiday time horror, have such pathetic scenes attended a fire in Chicago.

The bodies of victims were taken to undertaking rooms near the fire. Widows and children of the dead men, white faced and frantic, crowded into the place. The bodies were so badly mutilated in most cases that the police would not permit relatives to view them. In several instances women struggled with policemen in attempts to see their dead.

Mayor Busse called a special meeting of the city council. A committee of fifteen aldermen was selected to take charge of relief work for the families of the dead and to make arrangements.

FOURTEEN LIVES LOST

Man Pinned in Philadelphia Ruins Shows Remarkable Grit

Philadelphia, Dec. 23.—Fourteen firemen and policemen are known to be dead and more than forty are in hospitals suffering from injuries from which some will not recover as the result of the collapse of the walls of the burning five-story factory of David Friedlander, dealer in leather remnants.

William Glazier, who was held fast in the ruins for more than thirteen hours, is in a hospital suffering from pneumonia but his condition is reported to be greatly improved and the physicians have hopes of saving his life.

Pinioned beneath an immense iron girder, Glazier gave one of the greatest exhibitions of fortitude on record. When he was found alive, held down by tons of debris, physicians wanted to amputate his legs in order that he might be removed. He protested, saying: "I will get out all right and in plenty of time. What good would I be without my legs? I would rather trust to the boys getting this junk away."

The records of the police and fire departments show that 100 firemen, sixty policemen and ten police surgeons were engaged in the work of rescuing Glazier. It took sixty gallons of oxygen, two quarts of Jamaica ginger, three pints of whisky, strychnine and other drugs, rubber smoke hood, two rubber tubes, a suction pump, many picks, shovels, axes, saws, crowbars and other tools and twelve hours of time to bring him out alive.

It is reported that the authorities are convinced that the fire was of incendiary origin and expect to make an arrest.

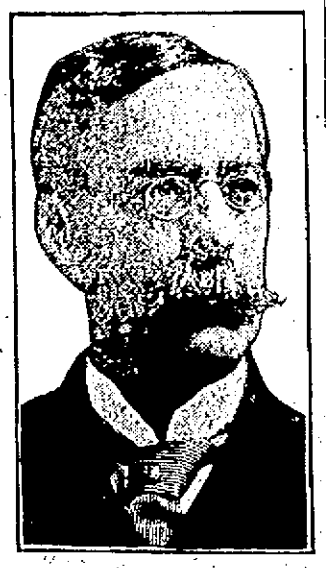
The mass of debris is frozen solid and it may be several days before any additional bodies are taken from the ruins.

Roasted Alive In Brick Oven

Philadelphia, Dec. 22.—Baked almost beyond recognition, the body of William Folks, aged 28, was discovered in an oven in the Tansey brickyards, Frankfort, where he was employed. It is supposed that he crawled into the oven to sleep, and when the fire was ignited, was roast-

SENATOR MONEY

Wants Tariff War Against Germany



URGES A TARIFF WAR

Money Wants Drastic Action Against Germany For Potash Tax.

Washington, Dec. 23.—Hernando D. Money, Democratic leader of the senate, called upon President Taft to urge that drastic action against Germany be taken in the potash case.

Senator Money is the head of a long line of southern senators who have invaded the White House lately upon the same errand. They point out that the expense of fertilizer will be increased disastrously if prices are raised to meet the German export tax and they are ready to back the president in a policy of retaliation.

President Taft is resisting this pressure with all his strength and hoping for an amicable outcome, but the situation is no less serious today than it has been for some time.

AIDED IN LOOTING BANK

Keliher Is Sentenced to Eighteen Years In State Prison

Boston, Dec. 21.—William J. Keliher, who was convicted several months ago for aiding and abetting George W. Coleman in misapplying the funds of the National City Bank of Cambridge, was sentenced to the state prison for a term of eighteen years. Sentence was pronounced by Judge Hale of the United States circuit court. Keliher has recently been out on bail.

Keliher was released in $50,000 bail furnished by a bonding company pending a decision on the bill of exceptions taken by his lawyers at his trial. "Big Bill" took his sentence with characteristic calmness. He did not move a muscle nor exhibit a tremor of any kind.

KIDNAPPER CONVICTED

No Delay on Part of Justice In Dealing With Italian Woman

New York, Dec. 21.—Justice dealt the Black Hand a quick blow in Brooklyn with the conviction in less than six hours of a woman kidnapper. She is Maria Rippa, a frail, weazened Italian woman of not more than 30 years.

A jury in the county court found her guilty of abetting the kidnapping of little Michael Rizzo and Giuseppe Longon. The penalty is not less than five years and not more than fifty years in state prison. Sentence will be passed on Tuesday.

The woman sat stolidly through the proceedings.

WHITE IS SWORN IN

Formally Assumes Duty as Chief Justice of Supreme Court

Washington, Dec. 20.—Edward D. White, the new chief justice of the United States supreme court, was formally sworn in Monday.

The supreme court room was crowded for the ceremony, which was simple but impressive. The oath was administered by Associate Justice Harlan, dean of the court, who has been acting chief justice since the death of the late Chief Justice Fuller. Later the court delivered opinions, heard motions and adjourned for the holiday recess, to reassemble Jan. 3, 1911.

A TOTAL OF $35,000,000

Rockefeller Makes Final Gift of $10,000,000 to Chicago University

Chicago, Dec. 21.—John D. Rockefeller has completed the task he set for himself in the founding of the University of Chicago. Public announcement is made of a "single and final gift" of $10,000,000, which includes all the contributions that Rockefeller had planned to make to the university. This sum, which is to be paid in ten annual installments, beginning Jan. 1, will make a total of approximately $35,000,000 that Rockefeller has donated to the university.

Mr. Rockefeller says he now believes the school should be supported and enlarged by the gifts of many rather than those of a single donor. This, he believes, will be better accomplished if the public understands the limit of his contemplated assistance. The founding of new departments he leaves to the trustees, as he says funds may be furnished by other friends of the university.

Pardon For Wife Slayer

Boston, Dec. 22.—Governor Draper last night signed the pardon granted to George Huber by the executive council. Huber was sentenced in 1904 to state prison for life for the murder of his wife in Monterey.

POWER HOUSE IS BLOWN UP

Results In Ten Deaths and Injury to Over a Hundred

MANHATTAN ISLAND SHAKEN

Breaking of Gas-Main When Runaway Car Crashes Into It Causes Explosion Which Leads to Remarkable Scenes—People Uninjured Sit Helpless In Streets, Numb From Shock—Property Loss of $2,000,000

New York, Dec. 20.—The very heart and backbone of Manhattan Island were shaken by a terrific explosion of illuminating gas in the auxiliary power house of the Grand Central station. Ten persons, two of them women, were killed, 125 were injured and property was damaged to the extent of $2,000,000.

Four workmen, who are missing, are believed to have perished, and of 125 injured, 98 were removed to hospitals. Of these eight may die. An investigation by the police, the district attorney's office and the coroner's office is under way. Traffic on the New York Central railroad ceased entirely for some hours, but the new station itself, now in process of construction, was not damaged.

The injured include laborers and other employes of the railroad, pedestrians, bystanders and others in the vicinity of the accident. A passing surface car, carrying seven passengers, was lifted from its trucks and hurled into an automobile running alongside. Four of the seven passengers were killed outright, but the chauffeur of the motor car was only cut and bruised.

The force of the explosion ran north and south for two miles along the rocky ridge that is the backbone of the island and east and west laterally for a mile. Foundations were jarred, walls were shaken out of plumb, windows were blown in by the thousand, ceilings came crashing down on the heads of those beneath, and the pavements were littered with pulverized glass that topped the shoe soles. The full amount of the property damage is as yet unavailable and may exceed the rough and conservative estimate of $2,000,000.

As nearly as can be determined, this is how the accident occurred:

A train load of empty passenger cars, hauled by an electric motor, in charge of Albert Seagrotte, got out of control of the brakes, crashed into a steel and concrete buffer port, snapped the post off and rammed a pile of lumber behind the post into a 2½-inch gas main, connecting with the taps from which the tanks of the passenger cars are charged at 250 pounds to the square inch.

When workmen set to clearing away the strewed lumber, it is assumed that one of them dropped a steel tool across the third rail; there was a flash of electricity and the great reservoir of accumulated gas exploded.

What happened then will never be adequately told.

The roof of fire house No. 2, directly across the street from the power house, lifted like a magic carpet. A shower of glass, bricks, mortar and splintered timbers began to rain down on the pavements. In an instant the streets were filled with prostrate men and women, blown flat by the shock of the detonation and the rush of air. They sat dazed where they fell, picking slivers from their flesh.

A moment more and crowds beseiged the drug stores, begging for aid and clamoring for telephones. Then the clattering gongs of ambulances began to racket between the tall buildings. The tenements to the east of Lexington avenue poured thousands into the streets. Whole houses were emptied in a twinkling.

The prevailing human note of the spot and the moment was numbed incapacity to believe what the sense testified to. Men and women sat stock still, suffering from nothing worse than shock, and got up again and moved off stiffly when someone laid a hand on their shoulders and spoke to them with authority.

That the death list did not reach into the hundreds was seemingly a dispensation of Providence. Half an hour later the streets directly in front of the power house would have been crowded with school children. No incoming or outgoing passeners were passing. If a crowded suburban train had stood on the rails instead of empty cars when the walls of the power house blew out, it is difficult to imagine what the resultant horror would have been.

Chinese Church In New York

New York, Dec. 19.—The only Chinese church in the country, save that of San Francisco, was organized here with Rev. Huie Kin as pastor. It will be known as the First Chinese Presbyterian church of New York. It has seventeen members.

German Crown Princess In Cairo

Cairo, Dec. 23.—The Crown Princess of Germany and her suite arrived here, having disembarked from the Lutzow, on board which they voyaged from Colombo.

A Nervy Cuban Bandit

Havana, Dec. 23.—The bandit Solis, who recently captured a boy named Fernandez and raised the amount of ransom demanded to $10,000, after the payment of $6000 had been refused, has succeeded in carrying off another prisoner and in obtaining payment of $10,000 from his relatives.

SENATOR LORIMER

His Election to Congress Has Been Investigated



Photo by American Press Association.

FREED OF BRIBE TAINT

Lorimer Did Not Distribute Money to Secure Seat In Senate

Washington, Dec. 19.—Senator William Lorimer of Illinois was given a clean bill of health by the subcommittee on privileges and elections, which investigated charges of bribery made in connection with his election to succeed Senator Hopkins.

The sub-committee asserted that the evidence did not show Lorimer had been connected with the alleged distribution of a "jackpot" or any money to influence the legislature in the preferment of himself for the senatorship.

CASE WITHOUT PRECEDENT

War Veteran Who Pleads Guilty of Murder Is Freed by Court

Pittsburg, Dec. 22.—Bent with his 70 years, and crippled from the beating by the man whom he later shot to death, John Bennett, a veteran of the Civil war, who pleaded guilty of murder, was freed on parole by Judge Fraser and his oft-expressed wish that he might be at home with his family before Christmas is realized.

Bennett will not have to serve imprisonment for the shooting, having been in jail since Oct. 15, awaiting disposition of his case. The action of the court in allowing the prisoner to go is without precedent in this country.

Bennett shot and instantly killed Carl Peterson, who had set upon him and beat him until he was barely able to crawl home. Peterson then followed and began to assail the character of Bennett's wife. The old veteran tottered to a corner of the room, reached for his old army musket, which was loaded with shot, and fired at his assailant, killing him instantly.

BODY PACKED IN BARREL

Found to Be That of a Man Stolen From Burial Place

Montreal, Dec. 23.—The police have established the identity of the rope wrapped body found solidly frozen in a barrel marked "poultry" at a local cold storage warehouse. It is that of Matthew Johnson, the aged janitor of a Presbyterian church at Jarvis, Ont. Johnson died Nov. 13 and was buried at Jarvis.

John McSorley of Jarvis, who studied medicine twenty-five years ago, but never practised, is held by the police in connection with the matter. His name appeared as that of the original consigner of the barrel.

McSorley, according to the police, has long brooded over alleged misuse of bodies for purposes of dissection. He is said to admit shipping a barrel to this city, but says it contained turkeys.

Jarvis, Ont., Dec. 23.—Under direction of federal inspectors, the grave of Matthew Johnson, who died Nov. 13, was opened yesterday. It was empty.

RECORD VOYAGE BY THE MAURETANIA

Liverpool to New York and Back In Twelve Days

Fishguard, Dec. 23.—The Mauretania, which left Liverpool Dec. 10, in an attempt to make a record voyage to New York and return in twelve days, arrived here at 10:22 o'clock last night. The quick voyage across the ocean and back and the rapid taking on of cargo at New York, enabling the continental passengers to reach their destinations before Christmas, is a source of the greatest satisfaction.

The first special train left for London at 10:55 o'clock and a special with the continental mails and passengers at 11:17. The passage of the Mauretania from New York occupied 4 days 15 hours and 57 minutes. She maintained an average speed of 25.07 knots.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF

Industrial Trust Company,

(CONDENSED)

As Made Under Call of the Bank Commissioner, Nov. 10, 1910

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts,		$19,350,857 70
Real Estate Mortgages,		3,721,113 48
Bonds and Stocks,		13,761,379 12
Real Estate,		870,000 00
Call Loans,	$4,502,176 24	
Due from Banks, Bankers and Treasurer of U. S.,	4,603,068 34	
Cash in Vaults,	1,818,755 15	10,923,999 73
		$48,627,350 03

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock,	$3,000,000 00
Surplus,	3,000,000 00
Undivided Profits,	561,843 03
Reserved for Additions and Improvements to Building,	211,300 22
Reserved Interest,	280,513 66
Deposits,	41,573,693 12
	$48,627,350 03

SCHREIER'S,

143 Thames Street

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MILLINERY

Now is the Time to Get a Choice

TRIMMED HAT

AT HALF COST.

SPECIAL CUT PRICE FOR

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Every article in MILLINERY marked down to close out Winter Stock.

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POSTAL STATION ON BROADWAY

and get some of those

LENOX CHOCOLATES

You will be pleased and so will we.

S. S. THOMPSON,

172—176 BROADWAY.

CHAFING DISHES



With an ALCOHOL Lamp you must fill the lamp, adjust the wick, strike a match, and be very careful not to spill alcohol on the table top.

With ELECTRICITY you insert the plug and turn the switch. When this is done you can devote all your attention to the recipe.

We have the ELECTRIC kind, made by the General Electric Co. Ask us about them today

OLD COLONY STREET RAILWAY COMPANY.

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SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

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Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO. 311

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co.'s are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Dentist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 8:30 a. m.—6:30 p. m.

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H. S. MILLIKIN,

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PERRY HOUSE,

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OPEN THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Under entirely new management. Newly furnished suites with bath up to date. Rates, $3 up. Special Rates by the Week. P. H. WISWELL, Proprietor.

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SUCCESSFUL boarding house-keeper to hire or manage successful country hotel

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10-17

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27 CLARKE STREET.

The most modern and up to date House in the City.

A perfect House for Permanent or Transient Guests.

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A Full Line of all the

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WIT OF THE INDIAN

The Dignified Red Man Has a Keen Sense of Humor.

STORIES OF STANDING BEAR.

The Race the Old Chief Was Willing to Run Against a Government Attorney—A Gallant Brave and His Mirror—An Invisible Bridge.

The impression prevails widely that the Indian lacks the saving sense of humor—"that most characteristic of all American qualities." To the creating and the spreading of this impression many recognizable traits of Indian character have indisputably contributed—his ancestral pride, his exclusiveness, his gravity of face and dignity of manner in public.

Nevertheless an injustice is done him, for among no primitive peoples is the sense of humor keener or more spontaneous and kindly.

Years ago I was conversing with a group of children of the Omaha tribe. They were on their way to a reservation school, and directly in their path lay a swamp an eighth of a mile wide, and straight through this they were required to wade twice a day.

"It is too bad," I remarked. "Can you not go around the swamp? Your feet will be wet, and you will be uncomfortable and possibly ill."

"Oh," cried a girl of about twelve years, her dark eyes dancing with merriment, "we walk over the $1,200 bridge."

They all laughed at this. What could it mean? I saw no bridge; there was no bridge to be seen. It made them merry to see me mystified, and I heard them laughing and chatting as they went through the water and mud. Afterward I discovered the humor in the remark. Some years previous to that time the government had appropriated $1,200 to build a bridge over this swamp, but somehow the money had vanished into somebody's pocket and the work was not done.

One evening I saw a gallant young brave making his way swiftly over the prairies of the Omaha reserve. He was dressed in all his finery, and at his side dangled a small mirror. Manifestly he was an ardent lover. This I should have surmised from his dress and eager haste, even if I had not known him. As he was a friend of mine, I had inside information of his hopes and purposes; also I ventured to stop him for a moment, precious as I knew him time to be.

"That mirror at your side," I remarked, "is to give opportunity for Prairie Flower to discover how lovely she is, is it not?" He considered a moment, and then, with a twinkling eye, he replied:

"No. Maybe so she will talk too much to me, and then I will look into my mirror to see how tired I am."

This certainly was the humor of absurdity.

Examples of Standing Bear's humor I could give almost without number. During the trial of his case before Judge Dundy the contention of the government attorney was that an Indian is not a person within the meaning of the law. This puzzled the old chief greatly. It also amused him.

One day at my table he was vigorously plying a knife and fork when suddenly he paused in his eating, lifted up his hands, and, a humorous smile lighting up his noble, storm scarred face, he remarked: "The attorneys say I am not a person. But I can use a knife and fork. Does a bear do that? If he, the attorney, is a person I am one also. We both eat with knives and forks. Indeed, I think I can use them faster than he can. If he wants to race me eating I am ready." We all laughed at this. When we were quiet Standing Bear added, "That is, I will run an eating race with the attorney if he will pay for the beefsteak."

The first public address Standing Bear ever made was given in my church. In the course of it while he was pleading for assistance he addressed various classes of people present—the men, the women, the clergy, the business men, the children. When he was pleading with the women he said: "I appeal to you because you are brave and patient. Whenever you have anything hard to do you never rest until it is done." This was a gallant sentiment worthy of a chief. But Frank La Flesche, who was interpreting, rendered the sentence thus: "You women are patient. When there is anything hard to be done we men let you do it." This was so true to Indian custom that the audience laughed.

Standing Bear was puzzled. As he stood silent a moment wondering what mistake he had made Bright Eyes, the beautiful Omaha maiden, stepped forward and said, "My brother Frank has made a mistake in interpreting the chief's thought." Then she gave the proper rendering.

The Chicago papers took liberties with Standing Bear's name, one of them referring to him constantly as Upright Bruin. When this was explained to the chief he took the matter with great good nature.

"What does it matter?" he remarked, his face beaming. "I am all tied up with names. I am like a pony tangled in his lariat. Father Hamilton, the Presbyterian, calls me elder. The Episcopalian clergyman calls me warden. For I am an officer in the little church in our village, where both these good men preach. And now the papers call me—what is it? Yes, Bruin. No matter. The judge in Omaha says I am a person, and that satisfies me."—Southern Workman.

Patti at Fifty-two.

Adelina Patti wrote in a letter to Mr. Klein in 1895: "Do you not feel proud of your little friend, who was fifty-two last month and has been singing uninterruptedly every year from the age of seven? I am really beginning to believe what they all tell me—that I am a wonderful little woman!"—Musical Life in London.

THEY EAT NO BREAD.

Places Where the Poorer People Have to Use Substitutes.

There are regions wherein the poorer classes or peasantry eat little or no bread. Baked loaves of bread are practically unknown in many parts of southern Austria and Italy and throughout the agricultural districts of Roumania.

It is said that in the village of the Oberstelermark, not far from Vienna, bread is never seen, the staple food being sterz, a kind of porridge made from ground beech nuts, taken at breakfast with fresh or curdled milk, at dinner with broth or fried lard and with milk again for supper. This dish is also known as heiden and takes the place of bread not only in the Austrian district named, but in Carinthia and in many parts of the Tyrol.

In northern Italy the peasants affect a substitute for bread called polenta, a porridge made of boiled grain. Polenta is not, however, allowed to "granulate," like Scotch porridge or like the Austrian sterz, but is boiled into a solid pudding, which is cut up and portioned out with a string. It is eaten cold as often as it is hot and is in every sense the Italian's daily bread.

A variation of polenta called mamaliga is said to be the favorite food of the poorer classes in Roumania. Mamaliga is like polenta in that it is made of boiled grain, but it is unlike the latter in one important respect—the grains are not allowed to settle into a solid mass, but are kept distinct, after the fashion of oatmeal porridge.—New York Herald.

COMPRESSED ICE.

Sinks in Water and Crumbles Into Powder When Warmed.

All know that ordinary ice will float. This relative lightness of ice with respect to water is due to expansion of the water at the moment of freezing. If water is frozen under immense pressure it seems that this expansion is prevented and ice heavier than water is produced.

G. Tammann has prepared this modification, which he calls Ice III., as follows: He compressed water to 3,000 kilograms (6,614 pounds) and cooled it in solid carbon dioxide snow and finally in liquid air. Under these conditions a colorless, transparent ice is formed. It is much denser than ordinary ice and heavier than water; consequently it sinks when placed in water. Ice III. is very unstable, and on slight warming it swells out and breaks up into a dense white powder. The volume of the resulting powder is apparently four to eight times that of the original ice. This powder formed by the breaking up of the dense form is nothing more than ordinary ice in the form of fine crystals, which, of course, on further warming melt at zero degrees centigrade.

Experiments on Ice III. show that it is impossible to obtain it by separation from water at atmospheric pressure and then suddenly cooling. There would never be a possibility of this unstable form of solid water being formed in nature.—New York Tribune.

A Prosaic Interpretation.

Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia in one of his brilliant addresses on the drama said of an unimaginative and prosaic dramatist:

"He it was, I am sure, who in his youth on being asked in examination what Shakespeare meant by the phrase 'sermons in stones' wrote in reply:

"'When passing by a tombstone you may learn the name and the dates of birth and death of the departed one and also from the inscription a valuable moral lesson from his or her life. Walking along a road you may see from the milestones the number of miles to the nearest towns and thus acquire geographical information. Heaps of stones by the roadside indicate that repairs are to take place and so indicate a lesson in neatness.'"—Detroit Free Press.

An Author's Insight.

There is no surer mark of genius than the intuitive insight into characters and social conditions of which the author has no personal experience. "What does Ben know of dukes?" asked homely old Isaac Disraeli when he heard the title of his son's latest novel. Trollope wrote inimitably of bishops and deans when he had never been in a cathedral close in his life. Young Disraeli wrote so well about the great ones of the earth whom he had never seen that the critics busied themselves in finding "keys" to "Vivian Grey" and "The Young Duke."—London Saturday Review.

A Touch of Family Life.

When the country youth proposed to the city girl he received the conventional assurance that she would be his sister. It happened that this youth had sisters at home and knew exactly his privileges. So he kissed her. At this juncture she availed herself of the sisterly right to call out to father that brother was teasing her. Father responded in good, muscular earnest. Then the new brother and sister relation was dissolved by mutual consent.—Judge.

Only That.

"I don't know whether I ought to recognize him here in the city or not. Our acquaintance at the seashore was very slight."

"You promised to marry him, didn't you?"

"Yes, but that was all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Patronizing.

"That man Pufferton has a very supercilious manner."

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne. "He can't even say 'It's a pleasant day' without seeming to patronize the climate."—Washington Star.

Just a Bluff.

"How is it that the quail on your bill of fare is always struck off?"

"That's just a fancy touch," explained the beanery waiter. "We never had a quail in the joint."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

SPOILED THE ACT.

An Incident That Enraged the Actor and Amused the Audience.

Some years ago a melodrama was being performed in a country theater, the chief actor in which had made himself, from his haughty and overbearing conduct, disliked by all. In the last scene he was supposed to visit the tombs of his ancestors. In the center of the stage upon a marble pedestal stood the statue of his father. A heavy fold of drapery covered the figure. Enter Albert, who thus addressed the statue:

"I am here once again to gaze upon those features which in life so often looked on me with tenderest affection. Father, thy mourning son now comes to pay thee adoration. Let me remove the veil which from the vulgar gaze shields the beloved image of a once dear parent!"

Off went the drapery, and, behold, there was disclosed the statue of the father gracefully standing upon its head.

The effect cannot be described. It was electric. The shouts of laughter which followed the mistake of the super effectually put an end to the scene, which changed to the next as quickly as possible amid the jeers of the audience, the anger of the manager and the uncontrollable rage of the actor.—London Telegraph.

THE PARISIAN CABMAN.

A Deadly Verbal Insult That Will Render Him Speechless.

A discreet knowledge of slang is a very useful accomplishment for the stranger or the foreign resident in Paris. Thus if a cabman is rude or more than usually extortionate or if he splashes you with mud from head to foot as he passes and then turns around to grin at the damage done, and cochers frequently do these things, an inadequate command of the niceties of the French language leaves all the advantages on his side.

You might call him "idiot" or "sauvage," but this would only tickle him. If, however, you were able to shout "Va donc, Collignon!" the result of the encounter would be at once wholly in your favor.

To say "Collignon" to a cocher is the supreme insult. It leaves him gasping and further speech on his side useless. It is easy to understand why.

Collignon was a coachman who as long ago as 1855 went to the house of a poor professor and murdered him because he had protested against an overcharge. It is satisfactory to know that Collignon was promptly tried, sentenced to death and guillotined. To this day, then, "Va Collignon!" remains the last word.—Paris Cor. New York Sun.

His Inspiration.

"Isn't inspiration a queer thing?"

"I suppose so. What about it?"

"Why, a few weeks ago I had a red-hot squabble with my wife over a dressmaker's bill, and when I came down to the office I was mad enough to chew spikes. Then I sat down at my desk and wrote a little poem on 'Help the Erring Brother with a Single Kindly Word!' And, say, those verses, born of bitterness and nourished by anger, have been copied in the leading newspapers all over the country! How's that?"

"Fine. Why don't you improve on the idea?"

"How?"

"Why, get mad enough to beat up your wife, set fire to the house, shoot a policeman—and then write an epic that will go thundering down the ages."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Made His Position Clear.

An old Pennsylvania German living in the mountains had a hard three hours' dusty walk to accomplish one morning, and he rose very early to make his start. He had gone but a little way when he was overtaken by an automobile. The driver picked up the old man, and they were at his destination in about twenty minutes.

"Danks so much awfully mit de ride. If I had known myself to be here already two hours in front of de clock yet I vud be at home fast asleep already to start unless I knew you vud not have picked me up since."—Housekeeper.

Scottish Students' Dress.

The Scottish university student has a code of etiquette in clothes as strict as that of Eton or of Harrow. And into it the straw hat enters. On Sept. 15, be the weather ever so bleak, the streets are full of what the small boy knows as "strawbashers." On the 16th you will find never a one—on a student's head, that is. As for the medical student, he seldom wears a straw hat at all or anything in its place. It is his pride to go bareheaded, as it is to wear a fancy waistcoat and turned up trouser ends. The arts and divinity men sedately avoid these last three fashions.—London Chronicle.

The Forgotten Picture.

Mr. Hope Moncrieff recalls in "London" a curious story of Lord Hertford. The one noble taste he had was for the collection of pictures, which he is said to have hung with their faces to the wall. He once commissioned an agent to find him a picture which, it turned out, he had himself bought three or four years earlier!

Doesn't Require Magic.

Closefist—I saw a magician last night who made ten dollar bills disappear as though they had never existed.

Spendit—Huh! I can do that.—Philadelphia Record.

Greatly Improved.

Mrs. Mater—Have you seen Mr. Dater's son since he got home from college? Daughter—Yes, ma; saw him last night. Mrs. M.—Has he improved much? Daughter—Awfully. He's got a mustache.

Did You?

Did you ever whistle merrily as you combed your hair on the morning after the night before?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A SKILLFUL SHOT.

The Way to Bring Down an Overhead Incoming Bird.

One of the cardinal rules of the old time shooting school cautioned the gunner against ever trying to stop an overhead incoming bird, but to wait until it had passed by and to the rear and then take chances on what is undoubtedly the harder shot of the two.

It is surprisingly how difficult it is for some sportsmen to successfully score on their incoming birds. Many who can seemingly cope with game in any other mode of flight will habitually balk at this shot and acknowledge their inability to make it.

Yet once its principle is understood and the lesson learned the dropping of an overhead incomer is as easy as anything can well be. The miss is always made by the sportsman shooting under and behind the bird, and there is but one way in which the error is to be avoided.

To make the shot the gunner should wait until the bird is about to pass over him, then, bringing up his gun, follow in from behind, cover the bird and swing in ahead of it and, maintaining the same rate of speed, press the trigger the instant the bird is hidden behind the barrels. Do not stop the swing of the gun and be sure the bird shall have disappeared from sight. If the shooter will observe this rule he will be surprised how easily and invariably he will kill his bird.—Recreation.

WISHBONES.

On Their Shape Depends the Force of Birds' Wing Strokes.

Scientists call the "wishbone" the furcula, and it is the union of what are in man two collar bones. These receive the brunt of the strokes of the wing that turn the creature in its flight.

Few of us appreciate the strength of the stroke of the bird's wing. A swan has been known to break a man's leg by a blow of its wing, and in like manner the wing beatings of the larger birds are dangerous if they strike the human head or face. If, therefore, a large bird is in the habit of making sudden turns to right or left in its flight it must be fitted with a "wishbone" capable of withstanding the great strain of the wing stroke on the one side when unaccompanied by action on the other.

For this reason we find in the eagle and birds of its class that turn quickly a furcula that is a perfect Roman arch, wilely at variance with the Gothic arch, which is the shape of the "wishbone" of our common fowls. The eagle's furcula is everywhere equally strong and lacks those points of weakness that make our sport of breaking the "wishbone" possible.—Harper's Weekly.

Lord Brougham's Oratory.

We have no orator in the least like Lord Brougham since the close of Brougham's public career. Everything that nature could do so far as appearance, manner and voice were concerned she had done to prevent him from being a great orator, and yet a great orator he undoubtedly was. I wonder what the house of lords just now would think of a peer who gesticulated and bellowed as Brougham was in the habit of doing. But it was impossible to listen to Brougham and not be carried away by the force of his intellect, by his torrent of words, by the sudden whirl and eddy of his rapid illustrations and by the longer and shorter stretches of quietude and repose into which his argument occasionally flowed.—From Justin McCarthy's "Reminiscences."

History.

History is made by one set of men and written by another.

The character of the written history depends upon the politics of the historian.

Most histories are written many years after the history was made. In these circumstances no one can step forward and dispute the historian.

History is studied at school and forgotten at home.

We are told to judge the future by the past, and after we read the histories we are as badly muddled as ever.

Some statesmen make history, but most of them make speeches.—Judge.

John O'Groat's House.

John O'Groat's house was formerly situated on Duncansby head, the most northerly point of Great Britain. It took its name from John of Groat, or Groot, and his brothers, who came, it is said, from Holland about 1480. The expression so often heard, "From John O'Groat's to Land's End," means the whole length of Great Britain from north to south, like the other expression, "From Dan to Beersheba," meaning the entire length of Palestine.

The Important Question.

"What was the matter with that customer?" asked the proprietor of the swell restaurant.

"When he was through his dinner," explained the waiter excitedly, "he asked for his check, and when I gave it to him he just simply went crazy."

"But did he pay as he went?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

All the Difference.

"I understand that the smart set is snubbing the De Bucks because they have a skeleton in their closet."

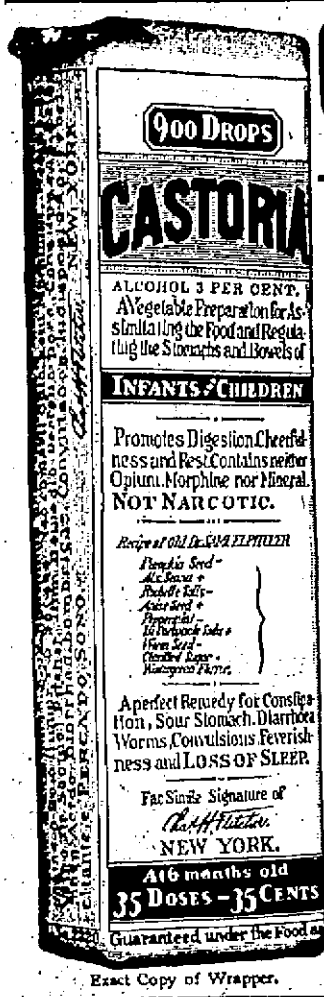
"Not at all. The snub is because they didn't keep it there."—Cleveland Leader.

The defects of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.—Rochefoucauld.

A Misapprehension.

The young man leading a dog by a string lounged up to the ticket office of a railway station and inquired, "Must I—aw—take a ticket for a puppy?"

"No; you can travel as an ordinary passenger," was the reply.—Suburban Life.



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The Assembly of Notables.

The assembly of the notables at Versailles, Nov. 5, 1788, will ever stand as one of the great landmarks in human progress, not on account of itself, but in consequence of what it led to. Louis XVI., being in great financial straits, had already called together the big men of his realm, but it is with this second meeting of the great ones that history will ever be the most profoundly concerned. The "notables," made up of the nobility and aristocracy of the realm, listened to their own voices and displayed their gold lace and vanity for something over a month and adjourned without doing anything either for the king or the people. Disgusted with the stupidity and indifference of the notables, Louis convoked the states general, which was composed of representatives of the nobility, clergy and third estate, or plain people. Maddened by the contemptuous treatment they received at the hands of nobles, the delegates of the third estate organized themselves into the national assembly, which in turn organized the revolution.—New York American.

John Bright and the Carpet.

A characteristic story of John Bright is told by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor in her book, "I Myself." He was at dinner one night with an M. P. whose wife by no means shared her husband's democratic sentiments. John Bright was sitting near his hostess, and she was rather annoyed at having him among her smart guests and thought to give him a direct snub, so she said during a pause in the conversation:

"Mr. Bright, this rug, I understand, was made by you, and I am very dissatisfied with it. I have only had it a short time, and it is very shabby and badly made."

"Is it?" said Mr. Bright, getting up deliberately from the table and taking a silver candelabrum, which he put down upon the floor, and, getting upon his knees, closely examined the carpet. "You are quite right," he said, blithely getting up; "it is a bad carpet, and I will order my firm to send you another in its place." And then he calmly resumed his political conversation, and the dinner went on.

The Curious Electric Eel.

The electric eel, which is common in the streams of Brazil, is possessed of a natural electric battery—a tremendous one. Beneath the skin are two pairs of peculiar little bodies passing longitudinally along the muscles and near the tail. One pair is next to the back and the other near the lower fin. These bodies are made up of a great number of little cells, two or three hundred of them, and plentifully supplied with nerves. Examination of one of these electrical organs has shown that in action it is very much like a galvanic battery, with the anterior extremely positive, the posterior negative and the current only discharged at the point of contact with an object. This has been proved to be so powerful when complete that chemical compounds are decomposed by it and steel needles magnetized.

The Roman Forum.

The Forum was originally a market place and only by degrees became the center of Roman civic and political life. About B. C. 470 it became the place of assembly of the people in their tribes and was gradually adorned with temples and other great public buildings. The Roman Forum—the Acropolis at Athens alone excepted—is perhaps the most thrillingly interesting spot on earth to such as know and appreciate the teachings of history. From the Forum came the august laws which governed the then known world for more than a thousand years.

A Hard Job.

Husband—What are you looking for, dear? Wife—I was looking for the invisible hairpin I just dropped.—Exchange.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

CONJURING BIRDS.

Trick Sparrows of Hongkong and One of Their Feats.

The famous Chinese conjuring birds are Java sparrows. At street corners in Hongkong sedate old Chinese may be seen putting the birds through their tricks for the benefit of strangers.

Each birdcage has a sliding door, and just outside this is a pack of little cardcases, each containing a picture and a small pot holding half a dozen grains of rice.

When the stranger, pursuant to the suggestion of the owner, hands over the necessary coin this is placed with the pack of cards at the cage door. Then the owner will undo the fastening of the door. The bird, eying the coin, then the cards, then the coin again, as if he thought his performance too cheaply valued, descends from his perch, opens the door with his beak, hops outside, draws a card from the pack and passes it to his master. He receives in reward one grain of rice.

The man takes the little picture from the case received from the bird and hands it to the stranger to inspect. He then returns it to the case, accompanied by the tiniest fist slip of bamboo, and shuffles the case up with the rest of the pack. The bird descends and selects a case, and the stranger opens it, to find the identical one containing the bamboo.

How can this be accounted for? The only possible way of explaining is that the bamboo slip is slightly scented.—Exchange.

Rough on the Pianos.

Once in the company of President Diaz I spent a few nights in the Mexican earthquake zone as the guest of the governor of the state. As a measure of precaution the plaster ceilings of our sleeping rooms had been replaced with strips of matched boarding. "If a trembler should come in the night, senor," remarked my host as he was bidding me good night, "wait for nothing, but make straight for the patio. I think these boards will hold until you get from under cover." And that evening, when I took the governor's wife out to dinner, she had remarked sadly: "We are so benighted here in the hot lands. It is impossible even to have music, for no sooner do I have my grand piano tuned than an earthquake comes along and tips it over."—E. Alexander Powell, F. R. G. S., in Everybody's.

Origin of the Opera.

The opera, like nearly everything else interesting in the world of mind, had its origin in ancient Athens. The earliest librettos were by Sophocles and Aeschylus, such as the "Abamemnon" and "Antigone," a band of flutes and lyres constituting the orchestra, the dialogues being musically declaimed and the choruses sung to the best music of the time. Thus do we have the germ of all later developments in the line of opera.—Exchange.

Enforcing the Rule.

The passenger with the huge square package persisted in riding on the rear platform of the car.

"What have you got there?" demanded the conductor.

"It's a painting of Mount Vesuvius—if you think you have to know," said the passenger.

"Well, you'll have to take it to the front platform," said the conductor. "No smoking is allowed back here."—Chicago Tribune.

Exchange of Courtesies.

"Mornin', Riggs."

"Mornin', Griggs."

"I hope you're enjoying good health."

"You don't suppose I could enjoy poor health, do you?"

"You could if you were a new doctor in a strange community. Mornin'."

"Mornin'."—Chicago Tribune.

Responsibility walks hand in hand with capacity and power.—Timothy Titcomb.

How to Eat Leather.

The infamous Captain Morgan and his piratical crew were sometimes in tight places at Panama and on one occasion were reduced to eating their leathern bags. "Some persons," says one of the company, Exquemelin (whose narrative is reproduced in "The Buccaneers in the West Indies"), "who never were out of their mothers' kitchens may ask how these pirates could eat, swallow and digest these pieces of leather, so hard and dry. Unto whom I only answer: That could they once experiment what hunger, or, rather, famine is, they would certainly find the manner by their own necessity, as the pirates did. For these first took the leather and sliced it in pieces. Then did they beat it between two stones and rub it, often dipping it in the water of the river, to render it by these means supple and tender. Lastly, they scraped off the hair and roasted or broiled it upon the fire. And being thus cooked they cut it into small morsels and ate it, helping it down with frequent gulps of water, which by good fortune they had right at hand."

French Official Red Tape.

Two men went to Nice lately from Italy to attend a funeral and took with them a wreath of flowers to which was fastened a silk ribbon bearing an inscription. They were informed at their destination that they would have to pay a duty equivalent to $25. The mourners protested, saying that the wreath was made of natural flowers on which there was no duty, but they were informed that the dutiable part was the silk and that, according to the tariff laws, duty must be collected on the gross weight of the immortal emblem. Then the men agreed to throw the ribbon away, but this could not be done on French soil, and so they journeyed back to the frontier, where they disposed of the ribbon, boarded a train for Nice with the ribbonless wreath and arrived too late for the funeral.

Keep In the Sunshine.

There are only two kinds of people in the world—the people who live in the shadow and gloom and those who live on the sunny side of the street. These shadowed ones are sometimes called pessimists, sometimes people of melancholy temperament; sometimes they are called disagreeable people. But, wherever they go, their characteristic is this—their shadows always travel on before them. These people never bear their own burden, but expose all their wounds to others. They are all so busy looking down for pitfalls and sharp stones and thorns on which to step that they do not even know that there are any stars in the sky. These folks live on the wrong side of the street. And yet it is only twenty feet across to the other sidewalk, where sunshine always lies.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

Conditions Reversed.

One of the finest examples of "pawky" humor is placed to the credit of an old gardener who was in the service of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Alexander Milne. The admiral was a grand old man, full of goodness and kindness, but a strict disciplinarian. The gardener having omitted to do something which he had been told to do, his master said to him:

"When I was on board ship I would have had you put in irons for disobedience."

The old gardener was not much perturbed at the idea, but, leaning on his spade, replied:

"Aye, maybe, Sir Alexander, but when ye were on board ship ye had a hunder men tae dae the job, an' noo ye hae ae man tae dae a hunder jobs."—London Tit-Bits.

Something to Interest Him.

It was the evening when her weekly caller always made his appearance. "I wish I had something new and entertaining to show him," said the girl to her mother.

"If you'd only mentioned it in time," said her father, "I'd have brought home my account book with the dry goods, millinery, stationery and confectionery bills for the last three months all itemized and balanced. I'll venture to say that would entertain him."—Youth's Companion.

The First Anthracite Coal.

When the first two tons of anthracite coal were taken into Philadelphia in 1803 the good people of that city, so the records state, "tried to burn the stuff, but at length, disgusted, they broke it up and made a walk of it." Fourteen years later Colonel George Shoemaker sold eight or ten wagon loads of it in the same city, but warrants were soon issued for his arrest for taking money under false pretenses.

Canine Rudders.

"The dog," said the scientific gentleman, "sometimes steers himself with his tail."

"Uses it to guide his wandering bark, does he?" asked the irresponsible humorist.

The Ruling Passion.

He—I hear that your husband has taken to smoking again. I thought you insisted that he should give it up?

She—Yes, so I did, but I found such a pretty smoking jacket at a bargain sale!

A Weak Climax.

A newspaper thus describes the effects of a hurricane: "It shattered mountains, tore up oaks by the roots, dismantled churches, laid villages waste and overturned a haystack."

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.—Longfellow.

Commendable Caution.

"My son, remember this—marrying on a salary has been the salvation of many a young man."

"I know, dad. But suppose my wife should lose her salary?"—Cleveland Leader.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

COAXING SLEEP.

Simply a Question of Will Power and Self Suggestion.

Ordinarily we do not sleep by accident or haphazard. We simply resolve to sleep, and self suggestion plays a great part in the production of sleep. We go through a variety of actions, all suggestive of a change from our normal waking condition. We undress; we place ourselves in a comfortable position; we close our eyes; we believe and expect we are going to sleep, and the result is—sleep.

One of the great preventives of sleep is the fear of not sleeping, but a writer in Harper's Bazar says that once this fear is broken down we sleep anyhow. The insomniac worries about his insomnia, and this very worry deepens the mischief; hence the sufferer should suggest to himself again and again, "If I sleep, well; if I don't sleep, I will at least gain rest by keeping my mind calm and my body relaxed."

In a word, our chances of getting sleep increase if we assume the external physical attitude which corresponds to sleep if we relax every muscle and let it stay relaxed, if we breathe lightly and regularly, if we call up the imagination of a sleeping person and talk and think sleep to ourselves, repeating silently and in a quiet, dreamy fashion such a formula as this:

"There is no reason why I should not sleep. Therefore I can sleep. Therefore I will sleep. My mind is at peace. Sleep is coming. I am getting sleepy. I am about to sleep. I am asleep."

HIS QUEST FOR A WIFE.

John Newcomb Was a Close Observer and Was Hard to Suit.

The sister of Simon Newcomb, the great astronomer, tells in McClure's of their father's John Newcomb's wanderings in search of a wife, whom he had decided to select in accordance with scientific theories:

"John Newcomb stopped at farmhouses for his refreshment, and in each house, if there was a daughter of marriageable age, he tarried perhaps a day or even longer to make a study of the maiden. He always made himself 'handy' about the place, drawing up water with the great well sweep, bringing in firewood—doing anything that he could do and still keep near the daughter.

"Disappointment met him at every door. At one house the cooking was poor, at another the house was not neatly kept, at a third there was scolding or faultfinding, a want of harmony—and in all the maidens a lack of desire for learning or education. One young woman little knew by what a narrow margin she missed her fate. All was going smoothly till, when she was molding the dough for the baking pans, he noticed that a considerable portion of the dough was left in the wooden kneading trough. He asked her the reason for this, and her reply was that she left it for the horse because he was fond of it. She always did this, she said; there was plenty. 'Want of thrift,' decided the young man, and he shouldered his bundle and walked on."

Told Who He Was.

Dr. Beadon, a former rector in Eltham, Kent, England, one Sunday preached from the text "Who art thou?" After reading it he made a pause for the congregation to reflect upon the words, when a man in military dress who at that instant was marching very sedately up the middle aisle of the church, supposing it a question addressed to him, replied, "I am, sir, an officer of the Sixteenth regiment of foot on a recruiting party here, and, having brought my wife and family with me, I am come to church because I wished to be acquainted with the neighboring clergy and gentry." This so deranged the divine and astonished the congregation that the sermon was concluded with considerable difficulty.

Ringing For Gofer.

Among the queer church customs in England is the one observed at Newark parish church, called 'ringing for gofer.' This custom, which has lasted for over 300 years, arose through a wealthy merchant named Gofer losing himself one October night in the forest that then surrounded Newark. He carried much money, and the forest was infested with thieves. Suddenly he heard the sound of Newark bells and was guided safely home by their music. To commemorate his escape Gofer left a goodly sum for Newark bell ringers on condition that they "rang for Gofer" every year on Sunday nights in October and November.

Raising Chickens.

The suburban man was all sympathy.

"What's the trouble, my dear?" he asked as he came home and found his wife in tears.

"T-trouble enough," sobbed his young wife. "You k-know that five d-dollar incubator the man sold me? Well, it exploded today and blew all the chickens through the roof."

"Oh, well, cheer up, Martha. The man said it would raise chickens, and you see it did."—Chicago News.

Where Gannets Swarm.

One of the most remarkable sights in the world is Bird Island, in South Africa, for the reason that during some months of the year it is literally covered with gannets. Not a foot of ground is to be seen anywhere. Day after day thousands of gannets strut around, and they are so close to each other that the whole island seems actually alive. Those who have seen this sight say that it is one which can never be forgotten.

Pleasant.

The friend—Your wife doesn't appear to be in very good humor. Husband—No. She thinks I've invited you to dinner.—Jean Qui Rit.

Be not hurried away by excitement but say, "Semblance, let me see what you are and what you represent."—Epictetus.

Reading the Flashes.

Passengers are generally astonished when on a dark night they hear the ship's officer remark to another, "There's Egg rock," or "Crabtree ledge," or "Beaver Tail," as the case may be, naming some headland or shoal along the coast. The landlubber strains his eyes, and far away there appears from time to time a flash of light, red or white. As these flashes seem to the passenger exactly like those from hundreds of other lighthouses, he is astonished at the officer's assurance.

It is really a very easy matter to distinguish the American lighthouses and lightships, of which there are about 1,300 along the Atlantic and gulf coasts if one is possessed of a copy of the code issued by the lighthouse board. Every light is known by the fixed light, the duration of flash, the length of the eclipse or the number of flashes shown in groups. No lighthouses within a hundred miles of each other are ever similar in these particulars. For instance, one guidepost of the sea may flash a white light every fifteen seconds, never varying, while the next flashes a red light every five seconds. The third may be an alternate red and white flash, with intervals of ten seconds between the flashes, and so on. The audible fog signals are identified by the time between the blasts of the siren and the continuance of the blast.

Flashing lights are preferred to fixed lights for the reason that a fixed light might be confused with some other light on shore. Only white and red lights are considered desirable in lighthouses, since it has been found that the rays from lights of other colors cannot be seen at so great a distance. There is but one green light—a fixed one—on the Atlantic coast. Harper's Weekly.

A "Star's Demands.

While traveling with the object of gathering together types of African tribes for their exploitation in an exhibition an agent found a Herculean specimen of the Sudanese warrior. He was determined to get him at any price. At first the warrior refused flatly to go with him, but when the agent told him he might demand whatever sum he pleased he wavered. Finally, after long consultation with his friends, he consented, through an interpreter, to accept the engagement, but added, "I must have my wife's expenses paid while I am away." "All right," said the agent. "And I must have all my mother's expenses paid." "All right." "And I must have money for my children." "All right. How much do you want?" "And ten months is a long time." "I know it. Name your own figure." At this the warrior with a cunning gleam in his eyes, as if he were demanding a king's ransom, named a sum which in our money amounted to a little less than $15. "And he nearly fainted," said the agent in conclusion, "when I told him he could have it!"

A Bird's Barbed Wire Fences.

There may be seen along the roadsides in Central America a brown wren about the size of a canary which builds a nest out of all proportion to its apparent needs. It selects a small tree with horizontal branches growing close together. Across two of the branches it lays sticks fastened together with tough fiber until a platform about six feet long by two feet wide has been constructed. On the end of this platform nearest the tree trunk it then builds a huge dome shaped nest a foot or so high with thick sides of interwoven thorns. A covered passageway is then made from the nest to the end of the platform in as crooked a manner as possible. Across the outer end, as well as at short intervals along the inside of this tunnel, are placed cunning little fences of thorns with just space enough for the owners to pass through. On going out this opening is closed by the owner by placing thorns across the gateway, and thus the safety of the eggs or young is assured.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Fatal Omission by Jones.

"My friend Jones," said Mr. Skim merton, "invited me to spend a week at his place in the country and I went and had a delightful time, but I will never go again."

"Nice place Jones has and he sets a good table, his beds are good and every thing about his house is charming, but there's something missing from his garden.

"It's a nice garden, Jones', flower beds and that sort of thing, and all at one end he has a place for vegetables: fine vegetables he raises, too. We had a generous taste of them. A nice garden sure enough, and still as I looked around there was something missing my eye sought without knowing what something that it didn't find and then it struck me all of a sudden.

"There wasn't a pergola!

"I can't stand for that. Most hospitable man, Jones; but I can't afford to visit anybody living in the country that doesn't have somewhere about his place a pergola.

Paying For Extras.

In one of the luxurious golf club houses in the south of England a visitor approached the steward and asked for a luncheon ticket.

"Five shillings," said the official.

"That's rather a lot, isn't it?" inquired the visitor.

"A lot? Think of the cost of this club. See those pictures? They're worth thousands of pounds. And those tapestries? Their value is simply enormous."

On the following day the visitor again asked for a luncheon ticket and tendered half a crown.

"I've already told you six," said the steward, "that the charge is five shillings."

"Yes, I know," was the reply, "but I only want half a crow's worth to-day. I saw the pictures and the tapestries yesterday."—World of Golf.

High and low he searched for the bag of confetti he had brought home on the previous evening for his son and heir, but his efforts were not rewarded with success. Where on earth had he put it? What had become of it? With every minute he became more irate, till finally he rang for Bridget.

"Bridget," he exclaimed testily, "did you see that bag of confetti I brought home last night for Freddie?"

"Shure, an' OI did, sir!" broxued out Bridget. But OI didn't know it was only for Master Fred. There's but half of it left now."

"Only half of it left?" he cried. "What on earth have you done with the rest?"

"Cooked it, av coorse," retorted Bridget: "an' its for your own breakfast with cream you had it this mornin'!"

Famous Novelists.

Among those novelists who studied law we have Fielding, Scott, Charles Reade, Wilkie Collins, Blackmore, Washington Irving, George Meredith, Robert Grant, Henry James, Anthony Hope, Rider Haggard and Owen Wister. Journalism, when Mr. Kipling once defined as the one legitimate branch of the profession, is represented by Dickens, David Christie Murray, William Black, J. M. Barrie, Marion Crawford, George W. Cable, Stephen Crane, George Barr McCutcheon, Frank Norris, Richard Harding Davis and David Graham Phillips. The navy and merchant marine have given us Smollett, Captain Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Clark Russell, Joseph Conrad and Morgan Robertson. Artists and architects include Thackeray, Du Maurier, Hopkinson Smith, Robert Chambers, Thomas Hardy and William J. Locke. Medicine and theology are not so well represented. Under the former head we recall for the moment only Smollett (naval surgeon), Holmes S. Weir Mitchell and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; under the latter, Sterne, Charles Kingsley, Henry van Dyke, Edward Everett Hale, Ian Maclaren, Ralph Connor and Thomas Dixon. College Professors who have either given up their chairs to become novelists or have found time for occasional novels to the midst of their other duties are Sir Walter Besant, Robert Herrick and Brander Matthews.—Bookman.

Brown Eyes and Color Blindness

Color blindness is one of the great drawbacks to a large percentage of men who would enlist in the United States marine corps, according to the recruiting officers.

"We have a box filled with different colored yarn," said an officer of that branch of the service. "We ask the prospective recruit to pick out green for instance. If he is color blind he will invariably pick all the red yarn. We place it all back in the box again and ask him to pick out the red. In nine cases out of ten out will come the green.

"Another strange thing I have noticed is that most persons who are color blind have brown eyes. Once in a while a person with eyes of a different color is afflicted that way, but as a general rule they are persons with brown eyes."—Kansas City Star.

Potted Missionary.

Robert Louis Stevenson used to relate the following amusing story told him by a South Sea trader. He had been in the habit of carrying all sorts of tinned meats, which the natives bought with avidity. Each tin was branded with a colored picture—a cow for beef, a sheep for mutton and a fish for sardines. It happened that the firm which furnished the mutton thought it a good plan to alter its labels, that its goods might be more easily distinguished from the others. The mark chosen was the figure of a frock-coated Stigginslike individual in a chimney pot hat. The natives at once came to the conclusion that the tins contained potted missionary, and there was a great run on the new line of goods.—Dundee Advertiser.

Dynamite.

The action of dynamite is comparative precise. The firing point is 180 degrees C. At that temperature it either burns or explodes. If free from all pressure, jar, vibration or force of any kind it merely burns. That is how it comes about that one can burn dynamite safely in the hand if all conditions be wholly favorable. But any least vibration from such requisites will cause an explosion, which is an excellent reason for avoiding to intimate ventures with the compound. When ignited in small quantities in the open air dynamite does nothing more startling than to burn fiercely. When, however, larger quantities are ignited explosion almost invariably results, as the temperature is raised by the flames.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Hungarian Crown.

The Hungarian crown worn at their accession by the emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary is the identical one made for Stephen and used at his coronation over 800 years ago. The whole is of pure gold, except the settings, and weighs almost exactly fourteen pounds. The settings above alluded to consist of fifty-three sapphires, fifty rubies, one emerald and 338 pearls. It will be noticed that there are no diamonds among these precious adornments. This is accounted for by the oft quoted story of Stephen's aversion to such gems because he considered them "unlucky."

A Woman's Wit.

The husband of Lydia Childs was an invalid for many years. He was not well off in this world's goods, and much of the support of the family was earned by the wife. Thinking of this and of his wife's many sacrifices for his comfort, Mr. Childs once said to her regretfully, "My dear, I wish I were Croesus."

Whereupon Mr. Childs, with ready wit and gracious tact, responded, "You are Croesus, for you are king of Lydia."—Los Angeles Times.

A Sample of Suggestion.

A popular comedian playwright was praising the humorous value of suggestions.

"It is funnier to suggest a thing," he said, "than to say it out. Playwrights should remember this. Suggestion, pregnant suggestion, is what makes really funny the little boy's remark to his father:

"'Pa, if you help me with my arithmetic lesson tonight I'll tell you where ma hid your trousers.'"—New York Sun.

One Man's Theory.

"No, I don't think women will ever succeed as railroad engineers."

"Why not?"

"They would lose too much time holding up their trains at crossing."—Boston Transcript.

His sister—And did she say she loved you in so many words? Her Brother—That's what! Her words filled twenty-seven pages.—Chicago News.

Some economists have figured it out that living is not any higher than it was ten years ago. It costs more that's all.—Phila. North American.

Life is not dated merely by you. Events are sometimes the best calendars.—Lord Beaconsfield.

Helped By A Hammer.

Two blocks apart in a certain street are two stationery stores. The owner of one has abundant capital, has a wide, roomy place with a large stock of goods well displayed. The store of the other man is a mere hole in the wall in a dingy building, yet this dealer is getting most of the business.

The following incident may explain it. A woman who had just moved to the vicinity stopped in the larger store one evening to buy some picture nails, but was told that they were not sold there.

"Where can I buy them?" she asked politely.

"I don't know," said the proprietor. The woman went to the smaller store. This man had no picture nails either. "I have a box of old nails that I use myself," he explained. "Perhaps some of them might do."

The woman gratefully accepted his offer and found some nails that answered her purpose. She remembered then that she had no hammer. "I can lend you one," said the shopkeeper, "if you will bring it back in the morning."

Ever since that time that woman has walked the extra blocks to patronize the obliging one chant. She has told her friends of the incident and influenced them to become customers.

The lesson taught by this insignificant incident is one that is only too often neglected. It pays a small tradesman to be obliging—it pays all of us. Small favors bring large returns.—Chicago Times.

"Exercise and Rest."

What is the relation between exercise and rest? Work is that at which we cannot continue, whether interesting or not, whether we are tired or not. It used to be thought that the prime requisite of rest was the use of faculties other than those involved in the labor of the day. But there is such a thing as fatigue which goes deeper than daily work. We can work so hard as to become exhausted—too exhausted for any kind of work. Perhaps that is will fatigue. It is coming to be regarded as fundamentally true that rest from such fatigue demands continuity; that, for example, four periods of fifteen minutes each of rest is not the equivalent of one hour's rest; that a man who goes on a vacation and takes half an hour of his business work every day is doing the same thing as the man who had a horse with a sore back. He kept the saddle on only a few minutes each day, but the sore did not have a chance to heal. Rest periods must be sufficiently consecutive to overcome consecutive fatigue.—Luther H. Gulick in North American Review.

Lancashire Humor.

There was a Lancashire collier who went out on Sunday with his wheelbarrow because, as he said, I've lost mi dog, an' a felly looks sich a fool goin' a-walkin' bi hisself."

Then there was the workingmen's club committee which wanted to indorse the account "audited and found correct and tuppence over" and the customer who, on being told that the price of candles had gone up owing to the war, asked whether they were "feightin' bi candle feet."

Also one recalls the laggard Lancashire lover who, when asked for a kiss, said he was "goin' to do it in a bit," and the old ladies who praised a certain Darwin clergyman as "a grand burier," and of the orator who translated "Dieu et mon droit" into "Evil be to him what evil thinks!"—"Lancashire Life and Character," by Frank Ormerod.

Peacock Plumage.

However much milliners may admire the plumage of the peacock and however much they may desire the money it brings, superstition prevents many of them from using it.

"Rather than give peacock feathers house room I would lose my best customer," one milliner declared. "I have done it more than once. Women who want their own materials made up have brought peacock trimming, and when I positively refused to handle it they went away angry and looked for somebody else to work up their peacock feathers. But no doubt they had a long chase, because two-thirds of the milliners feel as I do about peacock feathers."

"But why?" asked a woman who carried a peacock feather in her hand bag.

"It's bad luck, that is why," said the milliner.—New York Sun.

A professor calls for a Supreme Court of Science. Would any two experts agree on any proposition?

"I heard a hen giggle," said five-year-old Blanche, who was visiting grandma, "but there wasn't any egg."

used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial number 1098.

Stupidity may not be a crime, but the dull blade makes the ugliest cut.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

The average man doesn't envy a dead one till he marries a widow.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills, they will please you.

The sea of matrimony is naturally governed by the tied.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

The gossip can read between the lines, even when there is nothing there.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, from biliousness, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Sobriety an Asset.

Enforced sobriety is one of the measures by which practical temperance is being forwarded. A great reform is going on quietly in all the industrial establishments and railway systems of the country. Not only are men tested for color-blindness and for defects of vision and perception, but they are also brought under new rules which affect their trustworthiness in their daily duties and in cases of emergency. Some railroads now discharge men who are known to drink, gamble and visit disreputable resorts.

There has been a general clearing up of ideas in all athletic associations, because it is seen that normal conditions of health are essential to the performance of feats which require skill and alacrity. No gentleman is now respected even by "good fellows" if he allows himself to be overcome with drink at a public festivity. The statistics in regard to the consumption of alcoholic drinks do not in any way give the measure of good or bad behavior among people at large.—Christian Register.

No Mystery About It.

The other night after Harker was safe in bed there came a mysterious tapping below his window. Harker slipped out of his covers and cautiously raised the sash.

"What's wanted?" he demanded, his teeth chattering.

"I just wanted to tell you," came a muffled voice, "that there's a hand moving around just inside your cellar window."

With visions of burglars Harker picked up his revolver and slipped through the halls in his pajamas. Cautiously he searched the cellar with a lighted candle, but it was empty. Outside on the sidewalk stood the stranger.

"I don't see any burglars down here," called Harker nervously.

"Who said anything about burglars?" inquired the stranger.

"Why, didn't you call me out of bed to tell me that there was a hand moving around near the cellar window?"

"Sure, it's the hand on the gas meter. It works while you sleep."—Philadelphia Times.

How Mother Did It.

One of the smallest of the little girls in a Philadelphia family had often assisted her mother in preparing the meals, says the Times of that city. She observed that her mother, who was rather hasty, always talked to herself where she had any difficulty in opening cans of vegetables. The little girl thought that the fastening was a part of the operation.

One day she was visiting a neighbor and went into the kitchen to help prepare a meal.

She watched the neighbor take a can of corn, apply the opener and remove the top.

"That's not the way to open a can of corn," said the little girl.

"Why, what other way is there?" asked the neighbor.

"Well, you take the can of corn and start to open it, and then you bear down and the opener slips. Then you say, 'Darn this can,' and then it. That's the way my mother opens a can of corn."

Verdict of the Critic.

The village trombone player was returning through the fields on a very dark night after an engagement at an outing some miles away, where the drink had proved too tempting for him. Feeling rather queasy and lonely, he consoled himself with a good blast on his instrument to keep his courage up. Imagine his surprise when he was answered by what sounded very much like a rival at the other end of the field. He blew again much harder, and there was a second response—one that almost took his breath away. It was from the farmer's bull, which, in response to a further contest, promptly tossed the challenger into the air. When he had recovered from the shock the trombone player shouted defiantly into the darkness: "Ye great coward! But Ah can tell ye one thing, my lad. Ye may be a verra strong man, but ye're no' much clan.—London Mail.

Japan's Giant Wrestlers.

Japanese wrestlers are not to be confused with Japanese exponents of jiu jitsu. The wrestlers belong to the older school, in which weight is a paramount quality. It is a remarkable thing that a race which is on the average four or five inches under the European standard in point of height should have produced a special cult of wrestlers who are giants in stature and strength. The leading wrestlers of Tokyo Osaka or Hiogo are all men at least six feet in height and weighing perhaps 300 pounds. They are a race apart. Wrestling is an occupation which has been handed down from father to son for many generations. And the explanation of their prowess is that they have always been meat eaters, while the rest of Japan, either from choice or necessity, have been in the main vegetarians.

Age of a Fish.

The age of a fish can be determined with accuracy by inspection of the otoliths or bony concretions which are found in the auditory apparatus. These otoliths increase in size during the entire life of the fish each year adding two layers, a light colored layer formed in summer and a dark layer formed in autumn and winter. The alternate layers are sharply contrasted and very distinct, so that there is no difficulty in counting them. The number of pairs of layers is equal to the number of years the fish has lived.—Scientific American.

"I see you claim one hours' overtime, Bill," said the master of the mill. "How's that?" I thought no one worked overtime last week."

Bill passed a horny hand across his mouth. "Quite right, guv'nor," he replied. "One hour's me due."

The master regarded him suspiciously. "Come, when was it?" he inquired.

"Last Thursday," responded Bill. "I was sent up to your own 'ouse to 'elp shake the carpets."

"Yes, I remember that distinctly," cut in the "boss." "But you got off at 6 sharp."

"Ah, that's true, guv'nor, so far as it goes," assented the man. "But your missus gave me arf a meat pie to take 'ome, an' that there hour is for bringin' the dish back!"

"Will you be my wife?"

"I won't answer that till we get ashore. The last time I promised to a canoe to marry a man he upset the canoe and nearly drowned me."

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed: 1. Names and dates must be clearly written. 2. The full name and address of the writer must be given. 3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness. 4. Write on one side of the paper only. 5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature. 6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and its signature.

Direct all communications to
MISS E. M. TILLEY,
Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1910.

NOTES.

Newport Subscribers to the Boston Chronicle, 1767. Reprinted from Newport Historical Magazine for April, 1881, Vol. 1. This article should be interesting to modern newspaper readers, many of whom will find their ancestors on the list.

In Mr. Vernon's Reminiscences, page 20, he alludes to newspapers received at the Newport Post Office. In those days, it was the custom of postmasters to solicit subscriptions, and supply customers with papers. Before me lies the original list of eminent citizens of Newport, who took The Boston Chronicle, which was issued by Mein & Fleeming in 1767, under the auspices of the English authorities. Its bitter hostility to the colonists so exasperated the liberal party, that one of the editors, John Mein, retired in 1770 and fled to England. It will be noticed, that 17 of the original subscribers stopped the paper at No. 52; but why, we cannot tell, unless the character of the articles became too violent in opposition to their interests. The following is the list, together with the remarks of the publishers, sent to Mr. Thomas Vernon, then postmaster of Newport.

Newport, March 3, 1881.—J. E./M.

List of Newport Subscribers to the Chronicle sent to the Post Office. Began with No. 1.

Mr. Samuel Lyndon, Jun'r., Mr. Thomas Rumrell, Augustus Johnson, Esq., Mr. Walter Chaloner, Capt. James Keith, Mr. Charles Handy. Stopt with No. 52. Nicholas Lechmere, Esq., John Cook, Esq., Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Richard Beale, John Nicoll, Esq., Mr. Wm. Richardson, Mr. John Mandesley. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Benjamin Wright. Stopt with No. 52. Joseph Wanton, Jun'r, Esq.

Mr. Francis Brinley. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Benjamin Mason. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Marmaduke Brown, Dr. John Halliburton, Mr. Simeon Pease, Jun'r. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Daniel Aymault, Mr. Francis Malbone, Mr. John G. Wanton. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. John Bannister. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Archimedes George, Mr. Jacob R. Rivera.

Mr. John Overing, Governor Lyndon, Dr. Wm. Hunter, Mr. Samuel Goldthwait. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. George Globe. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Chris. Champlin, Mr. John Coddington. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Peter Simon. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. John Thurston. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Joseph Jacob, Mr. Solomon Townsend, Mr. Matthew Cozzens.

Mr. John Channing, Mr. Isaac Touro, Mr. Abram Redwood. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Benjamin Wickham. Stopt with No. 52. Mr. Naphtale Hart, Mr. Job Green, Mr. Wm. Almey, Mr. Jonathan Thurston. Stopt with No. 52. Miss Susannah Fryers, Mr. Peleg Barker, Jun'r. Stopt with No. 52. Rev'd. Gardner Thurston, Mr. Isaac Hart, Mr. Joseph G. Wanton.

N. B. Those who began with No. 1, are entitled to the 1st Farmer's Letter gratis, as well as the index.

Sir: The foregoing is the List of Subscribers for the Chronicle, which go into your Office. The Price, including Postage, directing and sealing is 9 | — L money per annum.

We are, Sir, your humble serv'ts,
JOHN FLEEMING & Co.

To Thomas Vernon, Postmaster.

P. S. When Providence River is open, we intend forwarding our Thursday Chronicle by the Stage Coach to the care of Mr. West in Providence, who will deliver them to the Master of the Stage Boats: they will be directed to the Post Office.—M. F.

The 8 Registers herewith sent, we beg your acceptance of."

QUERIES.

6542. LOTHROP—Rev. John Lothrop came in the ship "Griffin" to Boston in 1634 with his four children, his first wife having died in England while he was in jail there. He founded a church at Scituate, Mass., where he remained until 1639, when he removed to Barnstable, Mass., where he died Nov. 8, 1653. He married for his second wife, probably soon after he came to America, Anne Hammond, daughter of William Hammond, then of Scituate, but a few years later a resident of Watertown, Mass. According to her father's will dated 1662, she married 2d,——Barnes. Her children by the first marriage were John, Abigail, Barnabas and Bathshua. Can any one give me the date of her marriage to Rev. John Lothrop, and the dates of the births of her children? I would also like the given name of her 2d husband Barnes and the date of this marriage if it can be obtained.—A. G.

6543. ALBRO—Can any one give me information concerning Stephen Albro, weaver, of North Kingstown, whose age is given as 20 at the time? On the same list is Benjamin Albro, cordwainer, aged 36. I should like the parentage of each.—A. E.

6544. SHAW, WEST—Who was Hannah, wife of Benjamin Shaw, of No. Bridgewater, Mass.? They had son William who married Hannah West. Who were her parents? Were any members of this Shaw family in the Revolutionary War?—A. B.

6545. WILLIAMS—Would like parentage and dates of birth of the following Elizabeth Haley, who married Nathan Williams, born at Stonington, Conn., July 22, 1720.

Elizabeth Gallup, who married Atwood Williams (born at Stonington, April 16, 1723).

Rebecca Satterly, who married Wareham Williams (baptized at Stonington, April 9, 1727.)

Daniel Brewster, who married Phebe Williams, May 31, 1753, at Stonington, baptized at Stonington, March 8, 1731.)

Joshua Culver, who married Sarah Williams (born at Stonington, March 2, 1718.)

Richard Williams, who married Eunice Williams (born at Stonington, Conn., December 15, 1732.—L. G.

6546. SHERMAN—Elizabeth Sherman, daughter of Peleg and Alice (Rish) Sherman, married George Sisson, son of Richard and Ann (Card) Sisson. Elizabeth, born 1702-3 had brother Peleg, born 1704, who married Bathsheba Sherman. George Sisson and Elizabeth had son George born 1734, married 1761 Mary Hall, daughter of Parker Hall. Was this Parker Hall born November 27, 1711, son of William (3) (Benjamin, (2) William (1) and Mary daughter of George Brownell? (all of Portsmouth).

Peleg and Bathsheba Sherman, married 1731, had son Parker born 1734, Ruth Freeman, daughter of David. Did Parker Sherman marry 2d Mercy Sisson, daughter of John Sisson who was uncle of George who married Elizabeth Sherman?

Parker Sherman and Mercy—— had Peleg born Dec. 15, 1769. Sarah born March 23, 1761. Did they have Audley, born about 1768?—N. C.

6547. LEE—Who were the ancestors of Abraham Lee, who married Esther Waldron, daughter of Major Richard? Her first husband was Henry Elkins, of Hampton, son of Henry, of Boston. Abraham Lee was killed by the Indians, June 27, 1689, at the house of his wife's father. His wife was taken into captivity, but afterward restored. —J. B.

6548. LATHAM—Robert Latham, of Joseph, of Smithfield, R. I., died April 10, 1702. Can any one give me the dates of his birth and marriage, and the name and ancestry of his wife? He had a son William Latham, whose dates of birth and marriage, I would also like to know. He died May 20, 1790, probably at Johnston, R. I. His wife was Elizabeth——. She died in 1818. I should like her maiden name and parentage.—G. H.

6549. SHEFFIELD—Who was Hannah, wife of Benjamin Sheffield, of Jamestown, R. I.? He was born June 6, 1727. When was she born? He was son Benjamin Sheffield (Joseph, Johnbod). Who was Elizabeth, wife of Benjamin Sheffield? Any information in regard to this family will be gladly received.—B. M.

6550. YOUNG—George Young came to Scituate, Mass., from Plymouth, in 1660. He married Hannah, daughter of Thomas Pinson, Sr., in 1661. Had Thomas, born 1663; Hannah, born 1666; Margery, born 1669; Elizabeth, born 1671; Patient, born 1673. Whom did Hannah marry?—K. M.

6551. TABER—John Taber had a daughter Amey, who married Joseph Hart, of Little Compton, R. I., December 23, 1772. Joseph Hart was son of Stephen, and was born in 1760, died March 17, 1794. Can any one give me the dates of birth and death of Amey (Taber) Hart? Who was the wife of John? When and where was he born? —M. S.

Deserved Praise.

The ex-President in his address at Cambridge recently paid a deserved compliment to Colonel Goethals and his work on the Panama Canal. He said:

"Last spring, when in Europe, I was struck by the fact that every statesman I met deemed two acts of the American people during the past decade, pre-eminently worth noting; those two being the voyage of the battleship fleet around the world and the businesslike efficiency with which we were doing the work of the Panama Canal.

"No men in our history save only some of the men engaged in the great wars which founded and perpetuated this nation, have such a claim on the gratitude of the nation as those who have done such efficient work on the Panama Canal. That work represents one of our greatest national assets, one of the greatest feats to be credited to our nation throughout our entire history.

"Enormous sums of money have been spent and yet there is practically no taint of corruption in connection with spending them. Very, very few private business concerns, no matter how well administered, can show such a high standard of probity and efficiency.

"By far the greatest and most important work has been that rendered by Col. Goethals. It is to him more than to any other man that we owe the successful accomplishment of one of the great business and engineering feats of all the ages. I thus speak of Col. Goethals and of those associated with him and working under him because what they do illustrates just what I mean when I speak of applied morality in governmental life.

Election of Officers.

Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum.

Regent—G. Homer Sweet.
Vice Regent—Thomas B. Tanner.
Orator—Albert E. Hopson.
Secretary—Andrew K. McMahon.
Collector—John M. Taylor.
Treasurer—John P. Peckham.
Chaplain—Lewis J. Norton.
Guide—C. Grant Caswell.
Warden—Ira W. Wilbor, Jr.
Sentry—Samuel B. Briggs.
Trustee, for Three Years—Edwin H. Tilley.
Representatives to Grand Council—Horace S. Brown, J. Harry Brown.
Alternates—J. Irving Shepley, J. Fred Wagner.
Representative to Royal Arcanum Hospital Service Association—Fred M. Hammett.
Alternate—Dr. Henry Ecroyd.

Redwood Lodge, No. 11, Knights of Pythias.

Chancellor Commander—James C. Walsh.
Vice Chancellor—J. Bavican.
Prelate—Irving P. Littlefield.
Master of Work—C. R. Kuntz.
Keeper of Records and Seals—Robert S Franklin.
Master of Finance—Samuel H. Ox.
Master of Exchequer—Everett I. Gorton.
Master-at-Arms—J. S. Donaldson.
Trustees—Everett I. Gorton William H. Langley, J. Gottlieb Spingler.

Newport Medical Society.

President—William A. Sherman, M. D.
First Vice President—Michael H. Sullivan, M. D.
Second Vice President—Harry J. Knapp, M. D.
Secretary—Mary Baldwin, M. D.
Treasurer—Douglas P. A. Jacoby, M. D.

A girl's idea of a trousseau is to have enough clothes to wear without buying anything new for at least three weeks.—New York Times

Palpitation of the heart, intermittent, irregular pulse, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Today's The Day!

Santa's Sparkling Crystals Sell at Sight.

No such collection of cut glass ever shown in this vicinity before; beautifully brilliant rare cuttings, little prices

Beaten Brass

Fine for presents.

Scores of shapes from

Santa's Work Shop.

Has proven the magnet he figured it would, and fastened the attention of every thoughtful Christmas shopper on this great storehouse of useful gift thoughts. To possess a piece of "Titus Furniture" is a pleasure at any time—to possess it at 2-3 its real value is a temptation too great to resist. Here are a few pieces that Santa has added to yesterday's list—of interest to you, every piece.

	Regular Value	Santa's Price
SHAVING STANDS.		
Shaving Stand in mahogany finish with a cupboard and adjustable mirror	$20.00	$16.50
Shaving Stands, mahogany finish with cabinet base, and adjustable mirror	22.50	18.00
Shaving Stand in real mahogany with cabinet base and adjustable mirror	25.00	21.00
CLOTHES POLES.		
Golden Oak Clothes Poles	85	65
Golden Oak Clothes Poles	1.10	85
Golden Oak and natural finish Clothes Poles	1.35	1.10
Golden Oak and natural finish Clothes Poles with brass pins	1.90	1.50
Clothes Poles in golden oak, bird's-eye, and im. mahogany with swinging brass pins	3.25	2.50
VASSAR BOXES.		
Matting covered, 27 inches wide, very deep	3.00	2.50
Large boxes for skirts and cloaks	3.95	3.25
Extra size boxes	4.50	4.00
Skirt Boxes with tray	6.00	5.00
Full length Suit Boxes with tray	9.00	7.50

Chairs For Little Mites

Dolls And Horses

Not the toy sort but the real thing in small sizes.

Morris Chairs And Desks and Tables

Wagons and Automobiles

Santa's land is full of gift thoughts for each little tot you know.

Free delivery to Middletown, Newtown, Portsmouth, Bristol Ferry, Friday.

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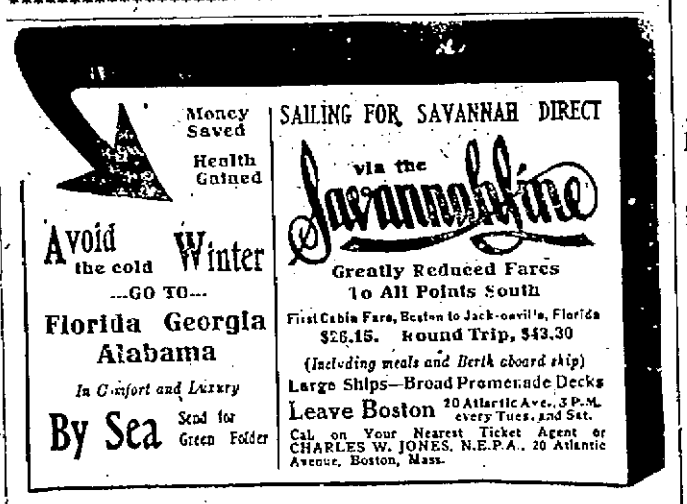
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How Tortoise Shell Is Worked.

The soldering of two pieces of tortoise shell together is effected by means of hot pinchers, which, while they compress, soften the opposed edge of each piece and amalgamate them into one. Even the raspings and powder produced by the file, mixed with small fragments, are put into molds and subjected to the action of boiling water and thus made into plates of the desired thickness or into various articles which appear to have been cut out of a solid block.

"Did Mrs. Brown take her husband's failure in the right spirit?"

Oh, yes. Just as soon as she knew he was going to fail she went out and bought her entire winter outfit."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Strange Likeness.

An extraordinary resemblance has recently been discovered at the London Natural History Museum between a specimen of the huge African elephant and the pygmy shrew mouse. Sir E. Ray Lankester suggested comparison of the two, and the result has been that practically every bone, muscle blood vessel and nerve of the giant beast has been found identically reproduced in the little animal, which is scarcely two inches in length. In the museum a stuffed mouse has been placed between the fore feet of its enormous mounted prototype for the purpose of showing the curious likeness.

Mr. and Mr. Lyman Tiffany will sail for Europe after the holidays.

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National Exchange Bank.

A Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum will be paid to the Stockholders January 3, 1911.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
12-24

The Island Savings Bank.

A Semi-Annual Dividend at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, will be paid to the Depositors January 16, 1911.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Treasurer.
12-24

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK

For the election of directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business that may properly come before said meeting, will be held at their banking rooms, 38 Washington square, Tuesday, January 10, 1911, at 3 p. m.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.
Newport, R. I., Dec. 12, 1910—12-24

In the year 1909, Germany spent $312,000,000 on warships, Russia $302,000,000, Great Britain $237,000,000, the United States $250,000 000, France $105,000,000, Italy $87,000,000, and Japan $77,000,000. Germany spent more money than any other nation. Still it is claimed that the United States ranks next to Great Britain in the size of her navy.

"You are an optimist?"

"I am," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "I not only hope for the best, but I make practical arrangements to get it."—Washington Star.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Newport, October 18th, A. D. 1910.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 27,858 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Providence, on the 7th day of October, A. D. 1910, and returnable to the said Court April 7th, A. D. 1911, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 4th day of October, A. D. 1910, in favor of Rhode Island Supply and Engineering Co., a corporation duly created under the laws of the State of Rhode Island and having its principal place of business in the City and County of Providence, in said State, plaintiff, and against Frederick A. Clarke, alias John Doe and Melvin S. Briggs, alias Richard Roe, both of Newport, in said State, co-partners, trading as Clarke & Briggs, and said Frederick A. Clarke, alias, defendants, I have this day at 55 minutes past 9 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Frederick A. Clarke, alias John Doe and Melvin S. Briggs alias Richard Roe, had on the 21st day of July, A. D. 1910, at 55 minutes past 1 o'clock P. M. (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said City of Newport, and in said town of Middletown in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and described as follows: all that certain lot or parcel of land situated partly in said City of Newport and partly in the Town of Middletown and bounded and described as follows, viz: Northerly, by land of John Anderson, fifty (50) feet; easterly, by a court or way leading northerly from Vernon Avenue, one hundred (100) feet; southerly, by Vernon Avenue, fifty (50) feet; and westerly by land of said John Anderson, one hundred (100) feet more or less, be the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office, in said City of Newport in said County of Newport, on the 13th day of January, A. D. 1911, at 12.00 o'clock noon for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
12-17-4w Deputy Sheriff.

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A man and woman accidentally touched each other's feet under the table.

"Secret telegraphy," said he.

Communion of soles," said she.—Judge.